

THE REISSUE OF

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER



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14 WEEKS \$1 00.

## The War in Virginia—The Prospect a Short and Decisive Campaign.

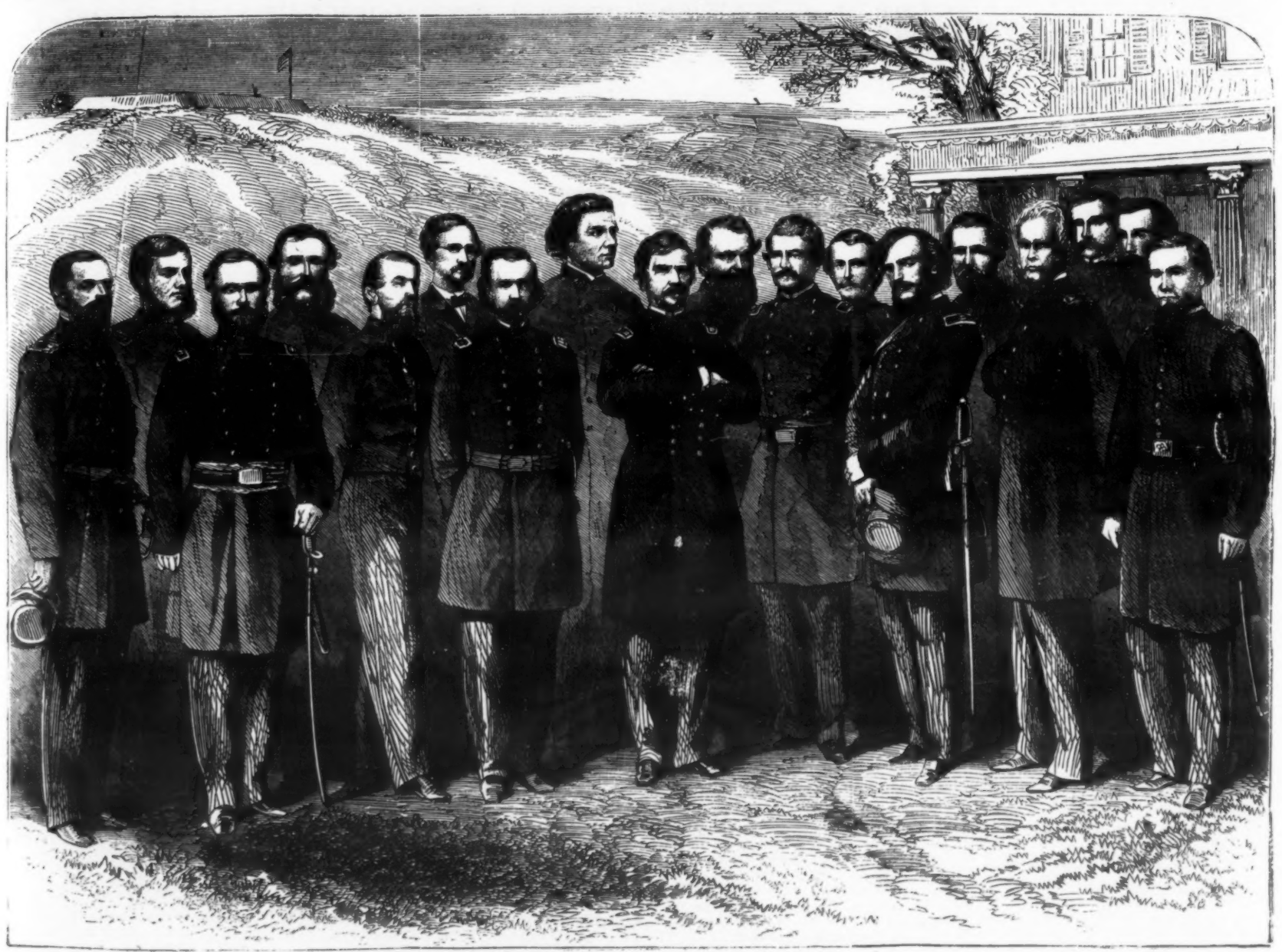
We are on the verge of the most momentous struggle of the war. Before this article shall have passed into the hands of our readers the chosen battleground of old Virginia, if not precipitately evacuated by the enemy, may be baptised anew in a deluge of blood, and her ancient hills may be shaken as by the throes of an earthquake. We believe that from the smoke of the conflict the flag of the Union will be advanced to the high places of the rebel capital; that the armies which Gen. Grant has summoned around him cannot be successfully resisted; that his plans and combinations are adapted to meet all possible emergencies; that



SUGARHOUSE OF EX-GOVERNOR MOUTON, AT VERMILION, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVID.—SEE PAGE 116.

he has the enemy within his powerful grasp; that the campaign will be "short, sharp and decisive," and that the fatal hour to the rebellion is near at hand.

We have not forgotten our disappointments resulting from each of the Virginia campaigns of 1861, '62 and '66. But all those reverses may be traced to that one grand mistake of scattering instead of concentrating our forces, and if the dearly purchased victories of our Potomac Army have been without substantial fruits, it has been in consequence of wasting delays in following up the enemy. This was the Austrian system of warfare against the little Corsican. The opposite or Napoleonic system of concentration and activity, which has reclaimed an Empire in the



1. Major C. Von Hermann. 2. First Lieut. Charles E. Sargent. 3. Col. James Grant Wilson. 4. Col. Horace B. Sargent. 5. Lieut.-Col. William S. Abert. 6. Col. E. G. Beckwith. 7. Brig.-Gen. Charles F. Stone. 8. Col. John S. Clark. 9. Major-Gen. N. P. Banks. 10. Col. S. B. Holabird. 11. Brig.-Gen. Richard Arnold. 12. Captain J. S. Crosby. 13. Brig.-Gen. A. S. Lee. 14. Capt. Wm. B. Roe. 15. Lieut.-Col. George W. Stupp. 16. Major G. Norman Lieber. 17. Major R. H. Alexander. 18. Captain Charles L. Bulkley. MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS AND STAFF.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. JACOBS, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 119.



**Posthumous Record of the Fair.**  
With the going down of the sun on the third week of its existence the Saturday Fair was at an end and the glories of its over-rated magnificence came among the things that were. A slight effort was made to keep the Union Square Department open for a few days at a tax of 50 cents per head for those who



same, but the attempt was a failure, and scarce 100 visitors visited the "banquet hall deserted." Since that time auctions have been the order of the day, and the goods have gone at fluctuating prices, much of them at far less than their value.

Since the sober second thought has set in, after the grand splurge, our business men and shopkeepers are counting up the cost, and the opinion is generally arrived at that the great Fair has been a financial loss, and that the commercial interests of the city would have been largely gained had a million and a quarter of money been raised and presented to the Sanitary Commission, to replace the Fair. No doubt this may be true in view of the great interruption to business it entailed, but then where would have been all the fun, flirtation, matrimony, manslaughter, memory and general happiness created by it.

#### The Last Come Down

is that of Broadway stages, a triumph of the public in which we believe they really rejoiced. The attempt of the different lines of omnibuses to raise their fare to 10 cents—even though it may have been warranted by increased rates of labor and produce—has met with the most signal rebuke that has ever been administered to any public wrong within our recollection. The public have contended themselves with letting them change, and have taken to locomotion and increased overcrowding of the cars. The result has been that a Broadway stage became a solitaire periodical, and the fact of an individual hailing one of the drivers almost terrified the deserted Jehu out of his wits, and proclaimed the hailer a countryman just arrived, or a citizen who rode once a year, did not read the papers, and darned the expense.

#### The Events of the Week,

in a dramatic way, are, firstly, the debut of Miss Jane Combs, as Lady Teazle, in which she made a noble and true, though somewhat lacking the life and fire that should be put into the gay young wife of the old Sir Peter.

Secondly, the production, by Aron Jones, at the Winter Garden of a new drama, entitled "The Sorcerer," the story of which is that of a mother, black Janet, the sorcerer, having had her son stolen in infancy, finds out the secret of his whereabouts is known only to Miron, the King's physician, who refuses to reveal the secret. Attempting to revenge herself on Miron, she plots a fearful death for his dearest friend, Urban Delval, but discovers that the young man is her son time enough to save him, which she does, firstly, from the hands of the assassin, and secondly, by rescue from an inundation, in which final scene she loses her own life. The piece is entirely sensational, and brings down the house. The coming week is devoted to Edwin Booth at this house, where he opens in "Hamlet."

The Olympic running "Loyals" on its fourth week. Barnum announces the last week of "Curly's Cave," and a magnificent spectacular drama to follow it.

We are to have no more opera, perhaps, not until fall, in consequence of Mareick's rebellion against the exorbitance of the chorus, who, not content with all the profit, want a bonus extra.

#### Another Sensation

for sightseers during the week has been the doings of the Davenport Brothers, at the Cooper Institute. These two young men have so outraged our common sense, and upset our ideas of probability and judgment, that we are forced to confess to a feeling of ridiculous non belief in anything. The manner in which they—wobeg pardon, the spirits—tie and untie their arms and legs from the strongest binding, done by such eminent blunder as Judge Whitley, who has bound over a good many Jersey men, is something amazing. What they do is indescribable, and will stand for nothing when described; but so far as puzzled all the wisdom and smarts of their auditors, and defied even a theory. We shall wait in patient hope for the debut of Simmons, who makes his first appearance at the New Broadway Theatre, Wallack's old house, which has been entirely refitted by Mr. Geo. Wood, late of Cincinnati, and who promises the public that he will do the same things as the Davenports, and expose the trick. Do hurry up, Simmons!

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**LIFE OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON.** By CHARLES HAYES HUNT. With an Introduction by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1864, 8vo., 488pp.

We are in the new era of good books, well printed on good paper, with liberal margins. Hunt's "Life of Edward Livingston" is a rare, interesting, comprehensive life of a truly great man, who, strangely enough, seemed to be better appreciated in Europe than in his own country. The present work, which shows Mr. Hunt to be ably fitted for this field, will do much to make Americans of our day acquainted with the immense, stirring, practical sense, sound judgment and sterling patriotism of the great legislator, Edward Livingston.

**PLASTER OF PARIS FOR PAINT.**—A writer in the *Register of Rural Affairs* recommends the use of plaster or ground gypsum, instead of white lead, to mix with oil for paint for outside work. If, as he says, it is equally, in fact, more durable than white lead or zinc white, it deserves to be widely known, as the plaster is very cheap and easily obtained. Take equal parts of the plaster and white lead with oil enough to make it the consistency of cream, and run it through a paint mill. This will have a good body and be very serviceable. For painting the roof of buildings the plaster and oil are a good purpose, as it is durable, and when rain water is collected in cisterns, it will be found to be purer than when it comes in contact with lead. Plaster is sometimes found ground very coarse, and it should therefore be run through a paint mill before it is used.

Dr. Biggs, of Mitchell, Lawrence county, Ind., was, about two months ago, called upon by two men, who, being admitted to a private room, locked the door, and producing a weapon, told him they had a warrant to arrest him for having counted money, but if he would give them \$100 they would release him. The doctor gave them \$30 in cash and a note for the remainder, when they left. By advice of his lawyer, no action was taken until a few days since, when one of the men returned to collect the note, when he was arrested and made to give bail in \$1,500, to appear at the Circuit Court. The trial over, the man said he was a U. S. detective, showed a warrant to arrest Dr. B., and did arrest him and took him to Indianapolis.

A few years ago a physician of Georgetown, West Indies, examined the body of a man that had been discovered under a heap of cane-brush or the fibrous residue of the cane, and found that the body emitted no smell, and was dried up like a mummy. He did not at the time preclude his observation, but immediately insisted on experiment on dead animals, which completely confirmed his observation. He witnessed thereby that by the fermentation of fresh cane trash a disinfecting and antiseptic gas was evolved, he immediately turned his attention to the means of employing the sugar-cane as a preservative against epidemics and contagious diseases, and as a medicinal plant generally. There happened to be at the time a great number of patients suffering from ulcers of the hospital, and a contagious gangrene had declared itself; the physician caused several tubs containing cane-trash to be placed in the wards and the supply to be renewed at intervals. In a short time the atmosphere of the hospital was purified, the contagion entirely ceased.

If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to take much time and use many words in saying it.

#### JESSAMINE LEAVES.

SPRING in absolute earnest at last. Blue skies, balmy breezes and open windows; strawberries, if you like to pay 50 cents a dozen for them, and other delicacies intended evidently either for Lilliputian appetites or Brobdingnagian pockets; and bonnets—spring bonnets, with a spring in them—bonnets which should be called *Excellors*! The milliners declare they are not so high as they were last year, but the lace and roses and African grass, and indescribable ornaments of jet—which our aunt Jerusha will call sprossels—attain an altitude calculated to strike the beholder with amazement. I have remarked them in church—don't groan and say "shocking!" I was attending to the words of the Rev. Creamcheese—but ours is a fashionable church, and sitting half-way down the aisle, I couldn't see anything but my neighbors' bonnets. I dodged one way, and my gaze was baffled by a maize-colored plume; another, and blue silk cap crowns baffled me. I stretched my neck, but that was useless, I am not a giantess; so I gave up the effort in despair, and naturally forgot theology in millinery.

#### A Man of Wax.

Flowers and fruit are very pretty in wax, and we presume masculine members of society of tender years admire wax beauties who turn about and wheel about in haidressers' establishments, and wax widows who slither behind "grief-bordered" kerchiefs in mourning stores. But heaven defend us from men of wax! Whoever conceived the idea of moulding the counterfeited presentment of a military hero, three feet high, painting his cheeks pink, putting on his head a little wig, dressing him in uniform, hanging by his side a little sword and putting him on exhibition in our fair? So he sold for \$50 or so. There is something awful in it. We are told that the effigy is the illustrious Ellsworth, and shudder. The poor young soldier has gone where it is impossible for him to redress his wrongs, otherwise we fear he would be as anxious to tear down this monstrously pretty likeness as he was to uproot the rebel flag. If it were a likeness of Little Mac, for instance, that gentleman could, if he pleased, take the presentation sword—which he didn't get—and cut it down, annihilate it, and baton its value on the Fair. But a dead hero is helpless, and Ellsworth in wax is sufficient to make any soldier exclaim, "May I never be a hero, lest ladies innocently and horribly perpetuate me in wax!"

#### Two Cent Pieces.

Congress is considering the propriety of giving us two cent pieces. The description is glowing: "They resemble gold coin in size and appearance," says the dispatch; "on one side is a wheat wreath; on the other, the words, 'God is our trust.'"

Do not feel elated, however; we don't believe any brilliant dream on the subject will be realized. Government cannot issue any currency in these mysterious days that is not disgusting, that has not from the first a greasy and unpleasant feeling, and that does not stick to your fingers and pocketbook. Nickel cents were charming, and the plague-suggesting postal currency was better still. We presume the "gold-resembling" twopenny pieces will cap the climax. We shall be obliged to have recourse to "tea bricks," white pebbles or tenpenny nails before long, unless Peace makes her appearance on the stage, with an olive branch in one hand and a bag of gold and silver in the other.

#### The Crisis.

People who are wise in such matters predict an awful crash before long. Everything will be blown to atoms. Everybody will be bankrupt. Every hotel will be closed. Every paper will go out like the snuff of a candle. Millionaires will retire to back attics, and make brooms for a living. Merchant princes will be reduced to the necessity of vending pins and shoestrings in baskets from door to door. Persons now residing in Fifth Avenue will wander over the world with hardy girdles and hand-organs, receiving pennies to go away, and fashionable belles will be glad of their servants' cast-off calicoes. At first we were alarmed, but on calm consideration we remember such dire prognostications as long as we can remember anything, and are perfectly sure that, even during the worst crisis, everybody had as much to eat and to wear as they ever had before; consequently we do not believe in the approach of famine and rage, and expect that silk dresses will sweep the sidewalks for years to come, and that jewellery will glitter, and palatial residences will continue to grow, even in the midst of the impending crisis.

#### Broadway Policemen.

Broadway policemen are not impartial; we regret to say it, but it is so. Of course we don't mean to insinuate that if they see a gentleman with his hand in another gentleman's pocket, they do not immediately inform him of his singular mistake, wherever he may be. We merely allude to the acts of official courtesy performed by the uniformed guardians of the law upon street corners. If you doubt me take up your position at any window favorable for such observation, and watch one of them for an hour. There he stands, like the statue of Napoleon, on a corner, conscious of the fact that unlighted strangers take him for a military man; and, on the other side, Aunt Jerusha from the country waves her parasol and red cotton pocket-handkerchief in vain. She is "dreadful sketched," he knows that well enough, but it is a matter of no importance to him. He waits until she samps wildly into the middle of the road, and rescues her with majestic scorn from the feet of sordid impatient horses, muttering grimly as he does so: "I'd women seem to want to get run over; why can't you look out, old lady?"

Returning to his corner and the Napoleon attitude, he waits again until a bevy of maids and matrons gather on the opposite corner. He scans them critically: very respectable, good sort of folks out shopping; a very pretty face amongst them; the girl with the curls; rather betwixtling. This decides him. He forsakes the Napoleon attitude for the Seventh Regiment march—crosses the street—advances to the girl with curls—clutches her by the arm—says to the others—"You come on, now!"—and escorts the trembling bevy to the other side, leading them into rather more danger than they could possibly have managed to get into without his assistance, and paying no heed to the small shrieks and ejaculations of those behind him.

Again, after a parting nip of the young lady's arm, monsieur reproaches himself in a Napoleon the Great—behold a number of horse and omnibus drivers—grim and obstinate, and strong-minded. She will be taken care of—not that she needs protection, but on principle—the officer must do his duty—and he does it, fiercely. How he drags her through the mud—on

the double quick—charging on vehicles so that they retreat in turn.

Ah! it is grand—we don't know who will be Commander-in-Chief of the Union army by the time this appears, but whoever it is couldn't do it better. The strong-minded lady clutches the nearest lamp-post and gasps for want of breath.

But behold! Somebody—something—in a tight basque all bugles—in sky-blue silk, rich as silk can be—with lace and velvet tacked on everywhere—with a velvet scarf tied under one ear—with gloves of mauve and bracelet of gold—with jockey hat and sweeping plume—and dotted veil and rose-tinted cheeks—traces in a bead bagwig, all but one, which (since purchased at the haidresser's) will escape—and with a parasol which turns into a gun—she serves her—she pauses—'tis but a moment—he of the brass batons flies to her rescue—he embraces her with one arm—he shakes a furious fist at presuming drivers—he kicks an infant sweep importuning for a penny—and smiling down into her eyes, places her safely on the sidewalk and turns to gaze after her while Aunt Jerusha and grandma Smiths vainly beseech his escort—they cannot win favor in his sight. Yes, policemen are partial, there's no denying that.

#### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The proceeding instituted by Judge Barnard against Horace Greeley for "contempt" was brought to a close on the 28th ult. by Mr. Greeley appearing in Court, and answering the interrogatories about his editorship and proprietorship of the *Tribune*. He protested against the jurisdiction of the Court, and against the whole proceeding as illegal, but admitted he was the responsible editor of the *Tribune*, and was willing to take the consequences of whatever contempt had been shown in the case. Judge Barnard said in substance, that the object of the proceedings was to correct the growing evil of abuse heaped upon public men by certain newspapers with which they differed in politics expressing himself satisfied with Mr. Greeley's answers to the interrogatories, and ordered him to be discharged.

Tailors working on custom work are liable to pay the tax on manufactured articles, according to a decision lately given in the United States District Court at New Haven. This decision is highly important, as the principle covers a number of other occupations which have hitherto been regarded as exempt from taxation.

The net proceeds of the Cincinnati Sanitary Fair are officially stated at \$234,500.

Shirt collars of linen, cotton, paper and steel, are common, but to this catalogue are now to be added shirt collars made from vulcanized India rubber. The new invention has just been patented in England.

It is rumored in Washington that Postmaster-General Blair will follow up his dismissal of Mr. Watson, a radical Republican clerk in his department, by similar acts—he having resolved to make war on Mr. Chase's friends.

The President, in a communication to Congress, states that Gen. Blair is a Major-General in the service of the United States, and that he had an understanding with Gen. Blair and Gen. Schenck, last fall, that they should not lose their places in the army by taking their seats in Congress.

The Pennsylvania Convention assembled last week in Philadelphia, and elected Simon Cameron and a strong Lincoln delegation to the Baltimore Republican Convention. Resolutions were passed against the adjournment of the Convention and in favor of Mr. Lincoln's nomination.

The stage fares on certain city routes were recently raised from six cents to 10 cents. They were reduced to the former rate of six cents on Monday, May 2. A daily parade of empty stages is not a paying business, as the proprietors have found out. The Board of Aldermen adopted a resolution that a Committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of selling at public auction the right to carry passengers in omnibuses or coaches in this city. This looks like retaliation.

The school district of Moscow, Wisconsin, containing 101 inhabitants, over half of them under 15 years of age, has sent 26 men to the war, some of whom have re-enlisted. Help is so scarce that a good deal of land will have to go uncultivated.

The following battle-flags of New York veteran regiments were deposited in the Bureau of Military Statistics of the State on April 20: The 110th, 112th, 113th, 14th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 32d, 34th, 37th, 38th, 59th, 61st, 64th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 80th, 91st, 94th, 97th, 104th, 130th, 146th, 177th, 34th Artillery, 7th Battery N. Y. V., 11th Battery F. Y. V.

The annual meeting of the Religious Society of Progressive Friends will be held at Longwood, near Hamorton, Chester county, Pa., on Thursday, June 2, commencing at 10 o'clock. The meeting will probably continue for three days.

Mayor Henry, of Philadelphia, has ordered the ringing of the State House bell on every fire to be discontinued. The firemen are now summoned by telegraph only, and the new method is said to answer extremely well.

The police of Portland, Maine, have been very active in recovering from wreckers much property washed from the wreck of the *Bismarck*. Among other goods was a large stock of bogus jewellery, which was all washed ashore in one cove, henceforward to be called Jewellery Cove. Most of it was spoiled by sea water.

**Western.**—There is considerable uneasiness in the Western press concerning the coming campaign—several of the leading editors evidently having had their faith shaken in the War Department by recent events in the South-West. One says: "We have lost all faith in the military sagacity of a Government which leaves Kentucky at the mercy of a rebel leader like Forrest."

**Southern.**—The prices in Georgia and Alabama are—gold, \$30 for \$1; corn meal, \$25 per bushel; meat, \$1 per pound; butter, \$10 per pound; milk, \$2 per quart; flour, \$30 per barrel; coffee, \$25 per pound. No articles of any kind are sold for less than \$5 or \$10. If the purchaser has a note of either, he can buy, if not, he must do without. Articles like knives, forks, spoons, cups of all kinds, are not to be had.

The Southern press is jubilant over the recent disasters to our arm in Florida, Red river and North Carolina. From the tone of their articles we should infer that the rebel leaders have resolved upon some definite plan which, if carried out, will bring on a decisive campaign. Their journals make many allusions to what they expect to accomplish on the water—declaring that they have been busy in building gunboats and gunboats. The recent events at Plymouth lend these suspicious considerable countenance.

**Military.**—Adjt.-Gen. Schouler, of Massachusetts, reports that that State has furnished 69,893 three years' volunteers; 17,744 nine months' men; and 3,742 three months' men, since the beginning of the war. Total, 91,379.

**Personal.**—Rev. Calvin Webster, sentenced to 15 years' imprisonment for enticing slaves from Kentucky, and who had served 12 years of the time, has been pardoned by Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs.

Mrs. Gen. Fremont is at the Revere House, Boston. She is on a visit, with her children, to her many friends in that vicinity.

King Victor Emanuel, who is a great friend of the chess, has received 20 stags from California. They cost, voyage and all, little less than \$800 a-piece.

Gen. Halleck is said to be an applicant for Chief of the Engi. Cor. Bureau, made vacant by the death of Geo. Totten.

The golden wedding of Mr. Joel and Mrs. Abigail Converse, of Lyme, Conn., was celebrated on Monday, April 11, in the presence of a large party of relatives and friends. Many elegant and valuable presents were bestowed upon the venerable couple, and the occasion was a very happy one.

**Obituary.**—James Holbrook, the well-known special agent of the Post-Office Department, died at Brooklyn, Conn., on the 28th April, of consumption.

Mr. Edward D. Riley, Chief of Police of Jersey City, died at his residence, in Montgomery street on the 28th April, of consumption, after an illness of nearly four months. Mr. Riley was a native of Jersey City, 33 years of age, and was an upright and highly esteemed citizen. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Common Council; in the fall of the same year he was elected to the Legislature; and in the following spring was elected Chief of Police for three years.

Commodore William D. Porter died on Sunday morning, May 1, in New York. He was born in Louisiana, was appointed from the State of Massachusetts, entering the service Jan. 1, 1823, saw 15 years sea duty, over 5 years shore duty, and was 20 years unemployed. He was between 50 and 60 years of age at the time of his death. He leaves a wife, who was with him at the time of his death, one daughter, who is in Richmond, and two sons, who are in the Confederate service.

Com. Charles W. Flusser, who was recently killed in such a peculiar manner in the fight with the rebel ram *Keanoke*, was a native of Kentucky. He was one of the most promising young officers of the American navy. Brave and accomplished, of high moral character and elegance of manner, he was one of the most genial and compassionate men we ever met with. His gallantry was a ways conspicuous. The writer of this was on board the gunboat *Commodore Perry* with him at the famous bombardment of the rebel forts at Roanoke Island, and there witnessed the bravery with which he ran his vessel close under the guns of the fort, and risked its batteries from his bow and stern pivot-9-inch guns.

The reported death of Col. Lewis Benedict is confirmed by letters from Grant, Eoc., near the scene of the engagement. He was pierced by a bullet and instantly killed, while gallantly leading his brigade in the final charge. Lewis Benedict was born in Albany, Sept. 2, 1817. He graduated at Williams College, and studied law in Canada, with John C. Spencer. After his admission to the bar he became a partner of Marcus T. Reynolds, of Albany. He was Judge-Advocate-General on the staff of Gen. Young and Fish; was subsequently elected to the office of Surrogate of the county and also to the Assembly of the State. When the war broke out he was still engaged in the practice of the law, but determining to give his services to his country in June, 1861, he was commissioned as Lieut.-Col. of the 73d Regiment, Excelsior Brigade, with which regiment he went into the Peninsula campaign, shared its earlier hardships, and fought bravely at Williamsburg, where he was captured. He was taken to Richmond, where, at Ball's Bluff, N. C., he was the companion of Col. Corcoran, Wile, &c. After an imprisonment of several months he was exchanged, and in Sept., 1862, (one month after his exchange), he was commissioned Colonel of the 162d (Md. Meir. politan) Regiment. In October the regiment proceeded to New Orleans. In January, 1863, he was designated Acting Brigadier, and in that capacity was actively employed rendering important service previous to the siege of Fort Hudson, where he was conspicuous in most of the terrible fights during that memorable siege. He was foremost in the fearful slaughter of June 14, and when it was decided to storm the fort Col. Benedict was given command of the 2d battalion, selected to serve as the forlorn hope.

**Accidents and Offences.**—A married woman, named Leeman, has eloped from St. Louis with a young man and \$13,000 in certificates of deposit in the German Savings Bank, they being made out in her name, but belonging to her husband. She is supposed to have gone to New Orleans.

A boat containing five persons has been drawn over the upper dam at Little Falls, N. Y., and all were drowned, their bodies passing down the rapids and not having been found. The party consisted of Mr. Vaughan and his son, Mr. J. P. Casler and two lads, named McHenry and Carr.

The bogus Capt. Sanford, who succeeded in marrying a Pamyra N. Y. girl, she supposing that he was her lover, whose courtship had been conducted by letter alone, turns out to have had other wives already. He has been given up by the military to the civil authorities.

Ten vessels this year have been lost from the Gloucester fishing fleet, valued at \$46,000; 78 men have perished with them, leaving 31 widows and 48 fatherless children.

Lieut. Burne, who absconded from Louisville with \$13,000 Government money, has been arrested at Montreal, C. W.

**Foreign.**—The Sultan has appointed two Christians members of the Grand Council, and others have been promoted to high official positions. This liberal tendency on his part is a mark of progress, which predicts well for Turkey.

The Italian frigate *Re Galantuomo*, which recently sailed from this port, and was subsequently spoken at sea when in a supposed sinking condition, is not lost, as was reported, but has arrived at Terceira, one of the Azore Islands. Her guns were thrown overboard during the bad weather which prevailed on the voyage.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—Mr. Sprague has presented to the Senate the memorial of our Consul at Vienna, recommending the purchase by the United States of the invention of Dr. Arct. Superintendent of the Imperial paper mills and printing establishment of Austria, to make paper and a linen out of corn husks and leaved.

A woman has, for the first time in England, passed a first medical examination. She had applied to the University of London and St. Andrews, to the College of Surgeons of London and of Edinburgh, and to the College of Physicians of Edinburgh—but all in vain. Each of these learned bodies refused to allow her to compete for the degree, which would have given her a legal qualification to labor in the cure of humanity, and finally she appealed to Apothecaries Hall, and having been examined in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany and materia medica—which she had studied for the prescribed five years—was successful in passing. A further course of 18 months study is required, when, if proved duly qualified, she will receive a licence to practise.

**Chit-Chat.**—A little daughter of the owner of a coal mine at Pennsylvania was quite a devotee to the nature of hell, upon which her father represented it to be a large globe of fire of the most prodigious extent. "Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy coal of you?" He's been speculating on it.

A man in Cleveland, Ohio, fell asleep at church a Sunday or two ago, and awoke just as the minister began to read in a loud voice the 13th of Scripture which begins: "Surely there is a reward for the laborer, and a place for gold where they find it." Jumping to his feet in great excitement, the minister started back his arm and shook it back to the astonished minister, exclaiming: "I'll take five hundred shares!"

A Newburyport sugar merchant heard a few days since that sugar had gone up 10 cents and telling no one what he was going to do, immediately rushed off and bought the whole stock of another merchant at 21 cents. He was so delighted with the operation that he treated the clerk at 2 and on his return, he then learned that a man as clever as himself had bought all his stock at 20 cents while he was away.





THE SHAKESPEAREAN TERCENTENARY—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE AT THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, APRIL 23.

## THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

AMERICA claims Shakespeare as part of the great English-speaking race, and has ever shown her reverence for the memory of the great poet. Yet we may look in vain for any testimonial that gives evidence of this feeling.

The tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth naturally aroused enthusiasm here as well as in England. The erection of a statue in the Central Park was soon suggested, and Saturday, April 23d, witnessed the interesting event of laying the corner-stone of a monument to the memory of Shakespeare.

The Century Club, which initiated the movement, yielded the direction of the affair to Mr. Hackett, the well-known actor.

The weather lent its pleasantest countenance to the scene. The Park wore its heightened and gayest look, and was still more beautiful by the presence of charming women. We noticed, among others, Mrs. Fremont, Mrs. Judge Daly, Mrs. John Wood, Vining, Davenport, Miss Rose Eyttinge. The male portion were represented by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, Father Hecker, Judge Daly, Bierstadt, the artist, Launt Thompson, the sculptor, to whom rumor points as likely to be selected to execute the statue, the Hon. Henry J. Raymond, C. B. Seymour and Nicholson, of the Press, Stoddard, the poet, Augustus Sala, the author, Managers Wheatley, of Niblo's, Stuart, of Winter Garden, and Grover, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Messrs. W. H. Davidge, &c. In the evening benefits were given at Niblo's and Winter Garden for this object, Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Hackett playing Falstaff and Prince Hal in "Henry IV." at the former, and Mr. Edwin Booth, Miss Jones and Mr. Edwin James playing Romeo and Juliet and Friar Laurence at the latter. The re-

ceipts at Niblo's were \$1,230, and at the Winter Garden, \$1,546, the largest amount ever received on one night at that house.

It is intended to organize similar benefits in every town throughout the country, and doubtless when

raised is estimated at \$30,000—the cost of the statue to Washington on Union Square. About \$4,000 is already raised.

The site of the proposed statue is at the south end of the Park, one of the most attractive and delightful

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,  
April 23, 1864.

At 12 o'clock the ceremony commenced with a performance by the band, after which Mr. A. H. Green read the act of authorization. Judge Daly then delivered an appropriate address, and Mr. Hackett then laid the stone. This closing scene is sketched by our Artist. We trust that before many months it will be our pleasing task to present a view of the inauguration of the statue itself.



RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR ALEX. MOUTON, VERMILION BAYOU, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

RESIDENCE AND SUGAR MILL  
Of Ex-Governor Mouton.

As additional illustrations of the scenes of operations in Louisiana, we give two pleasing sketches of the residence and sugar mill of Ex-Gov. Alexander Mouton, of Louisiana, the same we believe who, as the rebel Gen. Mouton, was killed in the recent battle with Gen. Banks. His fine estates are situated on Vermilion Bayou, on a rich and highly-productive tract, one of the richest sugar regions in the South.

A GENTLEMAN went with a friend to the Opera, and arrived before the doors were open. While waiting in the crowd standing behind his friend, he amused himself by picking the pocket of the latter, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief. Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder, and on turning round he saw a gentlemanly-looking individual who handed him his own snuffbox, with a polite bow, observing that he never knowingly "operated on a brother professional, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake."

the Committee becomes more enlarged, and widens a little more the sphere of its exertions, large private subscriptions will be obtained. No design for the statue has been yet conceived, but the sum to be

within the limits of the grounds. A space staked off and surrounded with ropes protects the excavation, in which rest an oblong block of granite, bearing the following inscription:

individual who handed him his own snuffbox, with a polite bow, observing that he never knowingly "operated on a brother professional, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake."



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—PLYMOUTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. VON GRIEF.—SEE PAGE 119.





VIEW FROM PATTERSON PARK, ON LOUDENSLAGER'S HILL, BALTIMORE, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 119.

WHY.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

You saw her dead in her rosewood case,  
That was frosted with silver and lined with  
lace,  
A pillow of satin, with tassels of silk,  
And silken fringes whiter than milk,  
Folds of linen like snowy drift  
Over the bosom no breath might lift,  
White hands crossed, and pomp and show,  
Hiding the heart that was broken below.



Had I but known that the little hands  
Held fateful dower of gold and lands,  
I could have worshipped and walked aside,  
Content in loving, my love to hide—  
For their palms had touched me, and ever-  
more  
Life would have brimmed with the ecstasy  
o'er,  
As the Nile's love-valleys, caressed from  
sleep,  
With tropical fervors the memory keep.

As star answers star in the twilight of earth,  
So a love in her bosom like my love had birth.  
I kneel to recall it, the love of that girl—  
For the gift was an ominous, sad sea-pearl;  
All of the wealth of her womanly soul,  
Of her tenderness all, of her life the whole;  
For how could they give her to such as I?  
So my darling is dead, and that is why.

ENIGMAS.

By Miss L. M. Alcott.

I BOUGHT my roll that day of the quiet  
woman who kept the bakeshop near my poor lodg-  
ing. I liked her ways; she always folded my pur-  
chase in a tidy paper, received my three cents with  
a little bow and a softly-spoken "Thank you,"  
which dignified the paltry transaction and cost my  
pride no pang. At the corner I paused to decide  
where I should dine. A simple process, one would  
fancy, for the bread composed my meal. But, not  
being a Franklin, I objected to consuming the roll  
in public, and had two free dining-rooms to choose  
from—the Park in fine weather, a certain reading-  
room in stormy. A drop of rain decided me, and  
I strolled leisurely away to the latter refuge, for  
hunger had not yet reached its unendurable stage.  
The room was deserted by all occupants but the  
librarian and one old gentleman, consulting a file  
of foreign newspapers. I slipped into an alcove  
devoured my dinner behind a book, and then fell  
to brooding moodily over the desperate state of my

finances and prospects, the first consisting of a  
single dollar, the last of slow starvation or manual  
labor, if I could bring myself to it. An abrupt ex-  
clamation from the old gentleman roused me, for  
it had a hopeful sound.

"Page, who copied this? I'd like to secure such  
a penman."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir," responded Page.  
"Among so many clerks it's impossible to tell.  
I'll inquire if you like."

"No; I couldn't have him, if you did. But if  
you happen to hear of any good copyist who, for a  
moderate sum, would do a job for me, let me know,  
Page."

"I will, sir."

The old gentleman put down the list of newly-  
arrived books which he had been examining, and  
drew on his gloves. As he approached my alcove  
a sudden impulse prompted me to step out and  
address him.

"Pardon me, sir, but necessarily overhearing  
your request, I venture to offer myself for trial."

"Have you any references or recommendations  
to offer, eh?" asked the old gentleman, pausing.

I had an excellent one which I had vainly offered  
to many persons for the last month. He read the  
very flattering letter from a well-known scholar  
whom I had served as secretary for a year, and  
seemed inclined to try me.

"Hum—quite correct—very satisfactory. Give  
me a sample of your writing; here's pen and  
paper."

I obeyed, and laying a sheet of paper upon the

open book I had been reading, dashed off my  
signature in several different styles.

"Very good; the plainest suits me best. What's  
this? So you understand Italian, do you?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly, I believe."

The old gentleman meditated, and while doing  
so scanned my face with a pair of keen eyes, in  
which I could discover nothing but curiosity. I  
gratified it by saying, briefly:

"Mine is the old story, sir. I am a gentleman's  
son, poor, proud and friendless now, in want of  
employment, and ready to do anything for my daily  
bread."

"Anything, young man?" asked the old gentle-  
man, almost startling me with the energy of his  
emphasis on that first word.

"Anything but crime, sir. I am in a strait where  
one does not hesitate long between almost any  
humiliation and absolute want."

I spoke as forcibly as he had done; it seemed to  
please him, for the stony immobility of his face  
relaxed, and a curious expression of satisfaction  
crept over it.

"Come to me to-morrow at ten. There is my  
address."

And, thrusting a card into my hand, the old  
gentleman walked away.

Precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow I pre-  
sented myself at Mr. North's door, and was speedily  
set at work in his very comfortable office. The  
whole affair was rather peculiar, but I liked it the  
better for that, and the more eccentric the old  
lawyer appeared the more I desired to remain with

him, though copying deeds was not exciting. He  
seemed to take a fancy to me, engaged me for a  
week, kept me busy till Saturday evening, and then  
astonished me by informing me for what secret  
service I was next intended.

As the clock struck five Mr. North wiped his pen  
wheeled about in his chair, and sat waiting till I  
finished my last page.

"Mr. Clyde, I have a proposition to make," he



Copying the Work on Italian History and Politics.

began, as I looked up. "It will surprise you, but  
I have no explanation to give, and you can easily  
refuse. I have not intended keeping you from the  
first, but desired to test your capabilities before  
offering you a better situation. A certain person  
wishes an amanuensis; I think you eminently fitted  
for the post. You wish independence, agreeable  
duties and the surroundings of a gentleman. This  
place will give you all of these, for the salary is lib-  
eral, the labor light, the society excellent. One con-  
dition, however, is annexed to your acceptance. If  
you will pledge me your word to keep that condition  
a secret, whether you accept it or not, I will men-  
tion it."

"I do, sir."

"For reasons, the justice and importance of  
which you would acknowledge if I were at liberty  
to divulge them, I desire a reliable report of what  
passes in this person's house. I think you are  
fitted for that post also. A week ago you told me  
you were ready to do anything for your bread  
which was not a crime; this is none. Do you  
accept the place and the condition?"

"I am to play the spy, am I, sir?"

"Exactly, to any extent that your interest,  
ingenuity and courage prompt you. It is neces-  
sary that I should have a daily witness of the  
events that occur in that family for the next month  
at least, perhaps longer. I know the task I offer  
you is both a mysterious and somewhat difficult  
one, but if you will rely upon the word of an old  
man who has little more to expect of life, I assure  
you that no wrong is meditated, and that you will  
never have cause to regret your compliance. Let  
me add that at the end of your service, be it short  
or long, you will receive five hundred dollars, and  
be subjected to no questions, no detention, no  
danger or suspicion of any kind."

"But, sir, am I to work utterly in the dark?"

"Utterly."

"Am I never to know what mysterious purpose I  
am forwarding?"

"Never."

"Can I, ought I to pledge myself to such blind  
obedience?"

"I believe you can and ought; it is for you to  
decide whether you will."

Not a feature of the old man's face had varied  
from its usual colorless immobility; his keen eye  
searched me while he spoke, and when he paused



The Author and his Amanuensis.



he sat motionless, with no sign of impatience, as I rapidly considered the strange compact offered me. I rebelled a little at the dishonorable part of it, yet I was conscious of a secret interest and delight in the mysterious mission. The place seemed a tempting one, the bribe a fortune, the security reliable, for Mr. North was as much in my power as I in his. As if cognizant of the doubt and desire between which I was wavering, he said, abruptly:

"You are well born, well-bred, comely, discreet and acute. Too proud to bear poverty, too poor to be over nice. A man exactly fitted to the place, though others may be found as competent, less scrupulous and more eager for both the enterprise and the reward."

"Hardly, sir. I accept."

The only sign of satisfaction which he gave was a closer pressure of the long thin hands loosely folded on his knee.

"Good! now listen, and bear these instructions carefully in mind. This place is ten miles out of the city; here is the address. On Monday evening go there, ask for Mr. Bernard Noel, and present your letter of recommendation. On no account mention my name or ever betray that you have any knowledge of me. Another thing remember, use your Italian as far as the comprehending of it when spoken by others, but deny that you possess that accomplishment if asked."

"Am I sure of being accepted, sir?"

"Yes, I think so. You have only to say that you saw and have answered an advertisement in last week's *Times*. Such a one appeared—stay, put it in your letter. Now look at this and give me your attention."

He turned to his table, produced a small locked portfolio and explained its purpose as I stood beside him. Several quires of peculiarly thin smooth paper lay within, a package of envelopes directed in a strange hand to A. Z. Clyde, a seal with a skull for its device, and a stick of iron-gray sealing wax completed the contents of the portfolio.

"You will record upon this paper the principal events, impressions or discoveries of each day, beginning with your first interview on Monday. Every Saturday you will send me your weekly report in one of the envelopes directed to an imaginary relative of your own. Secure each carefully with this wax and seal, and post them as privately as possible, without attracting attention by too much precaution."

"I shall remember, sir."

"You are to ask no questions, show no especial interest in what passes about you, and on no account betray that you keep this private record. You have wit, courage, great command of countenance, and will soon discover how to use these helps. Let nothing surprise, alarm or baffle you, and keep faith with me unless you desire ruin instead of reward. Now go, and let me hear from you on Saturday."

He rose, offered me a check, the portfolio and his hand. I accepted all three, and with our usual brief but courteous adieux we parted, the old man to brood doubtless over his strange secret, the young one to hope that in the unknown family he should find some solution of this first enigma.

JUNE 1st.—Having received no directions as to the form into which I am to put my record, I choose the simple one of the diary as the easiest to myself, perhaps the most interesting to the eyes for which these pages are written.

According to agreement I came hither to-night at nine o'clock, being belated by an accident on the way. A grave, soldierly servant ushered me into a charming room, airy, softly-lighted and exquisitely furnished, yet somewhat foreign in its elegant simplicity. It was empty, and wandering about it while waiting, I discovered a lady in an adjoining room. As she seemed unconscious of my presence, I began my surveillance by taking a careful survey. Leaning in a deep chair, I only caught the outline of her figure; for over her silvery gray dress she wore a large white cashmere, as if an invalid, and forced to guard herself even from the mild night air. Gray hair waved away on either side her pale cheeks, under a delicate lace cap, which fell in a point upon her forehead. A deep green shade concealed her eyes, leaving visible only the contour of a rounded chin and feminine mouth. She was knitting, and I observed that her little hands were covered nearly to the finger-tips with quaint black silk mitts, such as ancient ladies wore. There was something melancholy yet attractive about this figure, so delicate, so womanly, so sadly afflicted, for I felt that she was blind.

Absorbed in watching her, I was rather startled by a rustling among the shrubs that grew about the open French window behind me, and turned to see a young man entering from the garden. Somewhat embarrassed at being discovered peeping, I hastily inferred that the new-comer was a son of Mr. Bernard Noel, and introduced myself rather awkwardly.

"I came in answer to an advertisement in the *Times*, sir. I sent my name to Mr. Noel; but it is late; your father, perhaps, is not disengaged?"

What a singular look flashed upon me out of the dark eyes that were scrutinizing my face, and what a singular smile accompanied the words:

"I am Bernard Noel."

I murmured an apology, presented my letter, and while he read it sat examining my future patron, wondering the while that such a lad should need an amanuensis. I say lad, for at the first glance he looked eighteen; a second caused me to suspect that he was some years older. Every inch a gentleman, for high-breeding makes itself manifest at a glance. Of middle height, slender and boyish in figure, yet with no boyish awkwardness to mar the easy grace of his address or attitude. The light shone full upon his face, and in that momentary pause I studied it. Dark curling hair framed a broad, harmoniously rounded forehead; black brows lay straight above these

Southern eyes of his, now veiled by sweeping lashes; the nose was spirited and haughty; the mouth grave and strong, perhaps rendered more so by a slight moustache that shaded it. Even his dress interested me, as if I were a woman, though nothing could have been simpler or more becoming. A black velvet paletot, dark trousers, collar turned over a ribbon; an aristocratically small foot, perfectly shod, and a single ring on a handsome hand that held the letter. An almost instantaneous impression took possession of me that his youth was both older than he looked and wiser than his years. Whether some deep experience had matured him, or the presence of genius thus manifested itself, I could not so soon decide, but felt instinctively attracted and interested in the unconscious person whom I had been set to watch.

Presently he looked up, saying in a peculiarly clear and penetrating voice:

"This is entirely satisfactory, Mr. Clyde; let me hope that the situation may prove so to yourself for Mr. Lord has conferred honor in allowing me to secure the services of a 'fine scholar and an accomplished gentleman.'"

He bowed with a glance that turned the quotation to a compliment, then continued with a gracious gravity that was very charming, from the contrast of youth with the native dignity which sat so gracefully upon this boyish master of a household:

"It is too late for the return train; you will remain to-night, and perhaps send for your luggage to-morrow. I am impatient to see my work begun, for time presses."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Noel."

"Thanks. You will find us a quiet family; we see no society just now, for my cousin is an invalid, and my present pursuits require solitude. I hoped to have finished my task myself, but my health will not permit of such close confinement, therefore I shall leave the pen to you, and take a holiday."

Anxious to discover what my duties were to be, I put the question in the form of a surmise.

"I shall be doubly glad to take it up if, as I infer, it is to be used for the transcribing of some maiden work, perhaps."

A slight flush rose to the young man's cheek, colorless before; his eyes fell like a shy girl's, and his lips broke into a sudden smile, seemingly against his will, for he checked it with a frown, and answered, with a curious blending of pleasure, pride and reserve:

"Yes, it is my maiden work, but as we shall both be heartily tired of the thing before we are done with it, let us drop that subject for the present, if you please."

"Sensitive and shy, like most young authors," thought I, apologizing, with an air of contrition. Setting the topic aside with a little wave of the hand, Mr. Noel said, more cordially:

"Your rooms are in the east wing, and I hope will be agreeable to you. Madame Estavan's health and my own wayward habits prevent much regularity in our daily life, but this need not disturb you. We breakfast in our own rooms, lunch when we please, and dine at five. You will oblige me by ordering the two first meals at whatever hours best suit your appetite and convenience, and by joining us at dinner; for in so small a family ceremony is unnecessary, and social intercourse better for us all."

"What hours do you prefer to have devoted to my duties, sir?" I asked, finding no difficulty in uttering the respectful monosyllable, for my six and twenty years seemed to give me no superiority over this stripling not yet out of his teens, perhaps.

"I am in my study early these summer mornings, finding an hour or two then more profitable than later in the day. Let us say from eight to four, or half after, with a recess at noon for rest and refreshment. The garden and west wing are sacred to madame, but the rest of the house and grounds are open to you, and the evenings at your disposal, unless you prefer to write. When not otherwise engaged, we are usually in the drawing-room after dinner, if you care to join us."

Another singular expression passed over his face just then, reluctance and regret, audacity and pain, all seemed to meet and mingle in it, but it was gone before I could define the predominant emotion, and his countenance was like a cold, pale mask again.

I expressed my satisfaction at these arrangements, and while I spoke he watched me intently, so intently that I felt my color rising, a most unwelcome manifestation, and doubly annoying just then; for, conscious of my secret mission, a sense of guilt haunted me which was anything but tranquillizing, with those searching eyes full upon me. I think the blush did me good service, however, for as if some doubt had disturbed his mind, my apparent bashfulness seemed to reassure him. He said nothing, but a slight fold in his forehead smoothed itself away, and an aspect of relief overspread his features so visibly that I made a mental note of the fact, and resolved to support the character of a simple-minded, diffident scholar, rather than a man of the world, as by so doing I should doubtless secure many opportunities which might otherwise be denied me.

Here madame called "Bernard!" and he went in to her. Without leaving my seat I saw him bend over her more like a son than a cousin, heard her ask several questions in a lowered voice, the answers to which she received with a silvery little laugh as blithe as any girl's. Then she rose, saying aloud in a slow, mild voice, with a pleasant accent in it:

"Take me in, *cherie*, and present monsieur, then ring for Pierre, that we have coffee."

Drawing her arm through hers, Mr. Noel led her to the larger room, established her in an armchair, and presented me, with the anxious look again apparent. Madame was very French, pensively courteous, and so gracefully helpless that I soon

found myself waiting upon her almost as zealously as her cousin, who watched my compassionate attentions with that inscrutable smile of his. The soldierly servant handed coffee, and the slight constraint which unavoidably exists at the beginning of an acquaintance was fast wearing off when an incident occurred which effectually broke up our interview.

I was approaching madame with her ball, which had rolled from her lap, when Mr. Noel, who stood beside her, suddenly bent forward, as if attracted by something that alarmed him; for, dropping his cup, he whispered a single word and threw her shawl across her face. It sounded like "paint" or "faint," was probably the latter, for with a slight cry, more expressive of alarm than pain, madame fell into his arms, and without a word he carried her away, leaving me transfixed with astonishment.

He was back again directly, looking quite composed, and with the brief explanation that madame was accustomed to such turns, he presently asked if I would like to write the order for my luggage, that it might be dispatched early in the morning. Accepting the hint, I bade him good-night, and was soon installed by the old servant in two charming rooms on the ground floor of the west wing, where I now sit, concluding first report.

JUNE 2d.—Breakfasted in my room, and punctually at eight o'clock tapped at the door which Pierre had pointed out the night before as belonging to "master's study." Mr. Noel bade me enter, and obeying, I found him busied in a deep recess, divided from the room by damask curtains. These being partially undrawn, discovered a wide window, looking on the garden, a writing-chair and table, a tall cabinet and couch, and a literary straw of books, MSS., ponderous dictionaries and portfolios. The room itself was plainly furnished, quiet, cool and shady, while the same atmosphere of refinement and repose pervaded it that had impressed me elsewhere, and which seemed rather some peculiar charm of its possessor than the result of taste or time. Mr. Noel bade me good-morning with a chilly courtesy, which would have instantly recalled the relations between us had I been inclined to forget them. Pointing to a second writing-table, whereon all necessary appliances were laid ready, he handed me a pile of MS., saying, as he half reluctantly loosed his hold upon it:

"Many freaks and whims are permitted to young authors, you know, Mr. Clyde. One of mine is to leave my book unchristened till it is ready to be dressed in type. I will not impose the first chapters upon you, but you may begin where my patience gave out. Copy a few pages as a sample, I will come and look at them presently."

He returned to his nook, and employed himself so noiselessly that I soon forgot his presence. The instant his back was turned my eye ran down the page before me, and what I read confirmed my fancy that Mr. Noel was a genius. That one sheet amazed me, for it gave evidence of a power, insight and culture hardly credible in one so young. The book was no romance, poem, satire or essay, but a most remarkable work upon Italian history and politics. A strange subject for a boy to choose, and still more marvellous was his treatment of it. I was fairly staggered as I read on at the learning, research and eloquence each fine paragraph displayed. No wonder his cheeks are colorless, his eyes full of fire, his air both lofty and languid, when that young brain of his has wrought such sentences. No wonder he is proud, knowing himself endowed with such a gift and the power to use it. This explains the fascination of his presence, the charm of his manner, the indefinable something which attracts one's eye, arrests one's interest, yet restrains one's curiosity by an involuntary respect for that attribute which is "divine when young."

I should have gone on reading in a mass of admiration and incredulity, had not the recollection of his request set me writing with my utmost celerity and elegance. Soon I became absorbed and forgot everything but the smoothly-flowing words, that seemed to glide from my pen as if to music, for the theme was liberty, and the writer was a poet as well as patriot and philosopher. Pausing to take a long breath, I became aware that Mr. Noel was at my side. He saw my excited face, my evident desire to break into a rapture. It seemed to touch and please him, for he came nearer, as I saw, wistfully yet shyly:

"Do you like it?"

"I have no words to express now much. It is well that you laid an embargo on my tongue, for otherwise I should never be done praising."

His face glowed, his eye shone, and he offered me his hand with that enchanting smile of his.

"I thank you, I shall remember this." Then, as if to check me and himself he examined my copy of his own hastily written MS.

"This is beautifully done. I hardly know my pages when freed from the blot and blemishes grown so familiar to me. Do you find it very tiresome?"

"On the contrary, most delightful yet most tantalizing, for I long to read when I should be writing. Mr. Noel, I am utterly amazed that such a book should be produced by so young a man."

"I might say I did not write it, for my father bequeathed me his spirit; and if these pages possess truth, eloquence or beauty, the praise belongs to him—not me."

Softly, almost solemnly he spoke, without confusion or conceit; pride unmarred by any tinge of vanity he probably showed, but seemed as if he had entirely forgotten himself in his work, and would accept no commendation but through that. He appeared to fall into a little reverie, and I sat silent, my eyes fixed on the shapely hand resting against the table as he stood. "I was not thinking of it, but it annoyed him; for, with an almost petulant gesture, he flung down the pages he had held, thrust both hands deep into the pockets of

his paletot, turned sharply on his heel and went into his alcove. I heard him stirring there for several minutes, as if putting his papers under lock and key, then reappearing, he said gravely:

"You will find lunch in the dining-room whenever you like it. I must take madame for her drive now; we shall meet at dinner."

He went, and soon after I saw a pony carriage roll down the avenue. I wrote till noon, when feeling hungry I set off on an exploring expedition, as Mr. Noel had forgotten to mention where the dining-room was, and I did not care to ring up a servant. A wide hall ran the whole length of the house, opening upon the garden in the rear. Four doors appeared; the two opposite were open and belonged to the drawing-rooms; I was standing on the threshold of the third, and the fourth evidently led to the dining-room. I chose to ignore that fact and satisfy my curiosity by prowling elsewhere. I might never have so good an opportunity again; the master and mistress were away, no one would suspect a stranger, and if I met the servants ignorance would be a fair excuse. Having assumed the part of spy, I wished to play it well, and being forbidden to question persons, must gain information from inanimate things, if possible. Two cross passages led from the main hall, one to my rooms, the other to the west wing. This, of course, I took, softly opening the first door that appeared; madame's apartment, for the gray silk dress and white shawl lay across a chair. A rapid survey satisfied me, and I passed to the next; Mr. Noel's, though I should scarcely have guessed it but for the hat upon the lounge, the pistols beside the bed, and the gentleman's dressing-case on the toilette. The windows were heavily curtained, the furniture luxurious, and an air of almost feminine elegance pervaded it. Two things struck me; the first was a dainty work-basket in a lounging chair, so near me that I could see the exquisitely fine stitching on the wristband that lay in it. Madame was blind, no other woman appeared—who did it? The second discovery was more important. Opposite the door where I stood appeared another half open, showing a flight of thickly carpeted stairs winding upward. A blaze of June sunshine streamed down them, the odor of flowers came to me with a balmy gust, and in the act of stealing forward to see what was above, I was arrested by a soft voice exclaiming in Italian:

"Ah, I am so tired of this; devise some new amusement, or I shall die of weariness."

"My darling, so am I," replied a deeper voice; "but remembering our reward, I can have patience. Come to me and let us talk of our next letter, it is due to-day."

"No; it makes me sad to think of that unless I must, and Heaven knows I need all the cheerfulness and courage I possess."

"Poor little heart, you do. Sing to me while I work, and so forget imprisonment and trouble."

"That is my only pleasure now. But I am thirsty, I want a draught of wine, and Pierre has forgotten me," murmured the female voice.

"No, love, he never will do that. I was obliged to send him to the St. Michaels, that they might be told of this man's arrival and conduct matters with double discretion," answered the man.

"Poor Pierre! he has to serve us now as butler, gardener, errand-boy and sentinel. His life must be almost as wearisome as mine," sighed the other.

"Now you are growing sorrowful again. Kiss me, Clarice, and let me find a happier face when I return; I am going for the wine."

There was a rustle, a murmur and a pause, but I heard no more; for gliding like a shadow down the hall, I bolted into the dining-room and began to devour the first viand that came to hand. Here was a discovery! the deeper voice I heard was Mr. Noel's, and the softer one not madame's. Hers was sweet and slow, this youthful and vivacious, plaintive and petulant by turns. Noel's was unmistakable, though now it varied from passionate melancholy to an infinite tenderness, a caressing tone that would have soothed and won any woman by its magic. I had barely time to compose myself before he entered, started at seeing me, then laughed and explained.

"Pardon! I have lived so much alone that I had forgotten the addition to my household for the moment. Let me fill your glass."

I had opened my lips to reply when a strain of music floated past the window, and involuntarily I paused to listen.

"Ah! *Casta Diva*, and exquisitely given."

As I spoke I saw Mr. Noel's hand tighten round the decanter he held, and again that peculiar glance flashed upon me as he said:

"You understand Italian, then?"

"Yes," was on my lips, but the recollection of my promise checked it, and I answered with an accent of regret, "I wish I did."

Mr. Noel raised his glass to his lips, as if to conceal the smile that parted them, a smile which doubtless signified, "So do not I," but he said aloud:

"You recognised the air rather than the words, I fancy."

"Yes, madame possesses a wonderful voice."

"Madame is an accomplished woman."

With which unsatisfactory reply he strolled to the window, plate in hand, and stood there listening. I ate in silence, but watched him covertly, recalling what I had lately heard, and finding in his appearance further confirmation of the suspicion which had come to me. His eyes had met mine but once; on his cheek burned a color not born of the summer heat; his grave mouth was soft and smiling, as if the kiss he asked for still remained upon his lips, and the music of that sweeter language seemed to linger in his voice. He looked a lover, and I felt that he was one, for genius rapidly matures both head and heart, unhampered by restraints of custom, age or race. How else explain the presence of the unknown singer, upon whom I had heard him lavish such tender names with more



than brotherly affection? I confess the fancy charms me, for my own loveless life has been so bare of romance I am ready to find interest and pleasure in another man's experience, while the mystery which surrounds this strange youth and my relations with him make it doubly alluring.

As I rose to return to my work the act seemed to rouse him; approaching the table he carefully selected a cake and fruit, filled a glass with iced claret, and arranging them on a silver salver, added a handful of flowers from a vase near by, and carried it away, saying with a half-sad, half-mirthful look:

"Madame likes me to wait on her, and is as fond of delicate attentions as a girl."

Till nearly five I wrote, then dressed for dinner, and when summoned found my host and hostess waiting for me. A well appointed table, a well served meal and one occurrence at its close are all that is necessary to record of this episode. Noel sat beside his cousin, waiting on her with a quiet devotion beautiful to see. Pierre hovered about both with a respectfully protective air, which became the venerable servant who seemed to eye me rather jealously, as if he feared a rival in his young master's confidence. It was a silent meal, for Noel was not loquacious, and Madame seemed sad. I did my best, but the rôle I had taken was not one to allow of much conversation, and long pauses followed short dialogues.

We were just rising when Pierre entered, bringing a basket of hothouse flowers, which he delivered to his master, with the message:

"For Madame, with Mrs. St. Michael's compliments."

Madame uttered no thanks, made no gesture of pleasure, but every particle of color faded from her face as she seemed to listen to Noel's answer. He too was pale, and the hand extended for the basket trembled visibly, yet he answered with unwonted animation:

"She is very kind; cousin, I will take them to your room for you. Mr. Clyde, I have an engagement for this evening; but drawing-room, library and lawn are at your service."

"The last shall be first, thank you, and I will enjoy the sunset out of doors."

With that I took myself away; Pierre closed the door behind me, and as I turned into the passage to my rooms I fancied I heard the click of a key turning in the lock. I got my hat, passed out at one of the long windows of my little parlor, and strolled towards the lawn along the terrace which lay close before the house. My steps were noiseless on the turf, and as I passed the windows of the dining-room I snatched a hasty look, which showed me the basket overturned upon the floor, Madame with her shade at her feet and her face hidden in her hands, Mr. Noel reading a letter aloud, and Pierre listening intently, with a napkin still over his arm.

They did not see me, all being absorbed, and with my curiosity still further piqued, I wearied myself with conjectures as I surveyed the exterior of the house, the occupants of which already inspired me with such interest.

A rambling English cottage in a nest of verdure. A lawn slopes to the road in front, a garden lies behind, a lane runs parallel with the garden-wall on the right, and a grove of pines rises soberly against the sky upon the left. Curious to locate the room of the unknown, I struck into the lane, scrutinizing the left wing as I walked. To my surprise, no upper windows appeared. An ancient grape vine covered the western wall, trained away from the lower casements, but completely masking the space above and wandering over half the roof. Looking closer, I soon discovered a large aperture in the roof, half hidden by the leaves; the sash evidently lowered from within, and this explains the flood of sunshine and the odoriferous gust that floated down the stairway which I now long to mount. Having looked till my eyes ached, I roamed away into the fields which lie between the solitary cottage and the town.

As I came up the avenue on my return Mr. Noel passed me, driving rapidly; he did not see me, for his hat was pulled down low upon his forehead, but his mouth looked grim, his whole figure erect and resolute. I watched him out of sight, went in and read for an hour, then to my room and secret diary. It is past midnight now, but Mr. Noel has not yet returned.

JUNE 3D.—Found the young gentleman in his alcove, and my work laid ready when I went to the study this morning. He looked up and answered my salutation as I entered, then seated himself behind his curtain, and I saw no more of him for an hour. At the end of that time the perfect silence that reigned in the recess arrested my attention, and caused me to suspect that he had slipped away through the window. I was just meditating a peep when accident supplied me with a genuine excuse. A little gust of air blew in from the garden, rustling the papers on his table; one was wafted beyond the curtain, and almost to my feet. I waited a moment for him to reclaim it, but nothing stirred, and quite sure that he was gone, I examined it. A closely covered sheet written in Italian it proved to be, and a moment's inspection showed me that it was a part of the work I was copying, though in a different and bolder hand. Stepping to the recess to restore it, I was startled by discovering Mr. Noel asleep in his chair. Very worn and tired he looked, though younger than ever in his sleep, and on the page upon his desk lay drops that looked like tears. Seeing that his slumber was deep, I ventured to look well about me. The half-written sheet on which his pen still lay, as it dropped from his drowsy hand, was a translation of the very page I hold. Others lay on the table, and in the cabinet which now stood open I spied three piles of MS. A hasty glance showed me the missing chapters copied in his graceful hand, a heap of blurred and hasty translation, and a worn, stained MS. in the same bold writing, the same language as the

truant leaf. Farther I dared not look, but crept back to my seat, and fell to wondering why the boy wrote in Italian, and suffered no one to translate it but himself. Were he other than he is I should suspect him of a literary theft or some double dealing with another's work. But Bernard Noel seems incapable of deceit, and his look, his manner when speaking of it assure me that it is rightfully his own, whatever his reasons may be for so laborious a process. My reflections were suddenly interrupted by hearing him rouse, and seeing him pull aside the curtain to ascertain if I was there. He looked half bewildered by sleep, but began to collect the papers, carefully arranged them in the cabinet, looked it and stepped out into the garden, where I saw him pacing thoughtfully to and fro for half an hour. That was the last of him for to-day, for he and Madame dined at the St. Michaels, as Pierre informed me when five o'clock found me the sole partaker of an excellent dinner. They returned at nine, and the invisible musician has been singing for an hour.

JUNE 6TH.—For four days nothing has occurred worth recording, as I have been almost entirely alone. Mr. Noel hands me a chapter or two each morning, receives my copy at night, and only the necessary directions are asked and given. Madame has not been visible, till I am told, yet her cousin looks tranquil, and no nurse or physician has been summoned to my knowledge. Very brief and silent are our interviews at dinner, and not once have I found the drawing-room occupied of an evening. No one calls, but Mr. Noel drives out often and returns late. My days have been spent at the writing-table, my evenings in my own room or solitary walks about the country. Returning from one of these, I saw the window under the vines brilliantly lighted, and resolved to satisfy my curiosity the first moonless night. This ends my first week's record; I trust it is satisfactory, and that out of my own darkness I have given light.

JUNE 7TH.—To-day, being Sunday, I asked Mr. Noel, when I met him at lunch, in which of the three churches, over the hill, I should find his pew.

"In none; I go nowhere just now. My cousin cannot, and I join her in a little service here at home," he said slowly; adding instantly, as if afraid I should expect to be included in that domestic service: "My friend, Mrs. St. Michael, will be happy to do the honors of her husband's chapel. I have spoken to her, and she expects you."

I thanked him, went to church, found the pastor a dull preacher, though apparently an excellent and pious gentleman; his wife a grave, motherly lady, who received me with courtesy, examined me with interest, and, as we came out together, asked me how I liked her neighbors.

"Mr. Noel seems an eccentric but most charming young man, and Madame a wonderfully cheerful sufferer," I replied.

"Genius has many privileges, and eccentricity is one, you know," replied the lady, adding, rather guardedly: "Madame Estavan is younger than she seems, and manifold afflictions cannot wholly darken her bright spirit. May I trouble you to give my regards to her, and tell Mr. Noel I will see him to-morrow?"

At dinner I delivered the messages; Mr. Noel turned graver than before on receiving his, and Madame turned gay. I was glad to see her so, and did my best to interest her, observing that her cousin often took the word from her lips, and that Pierre's usually expressionless face wore an aspect of uneasiness. In drawing out her handkerchief Madame dropped an ebony rosary. No one heard it fall, for it slipped noiselessly through the folds of her dress, and no one saw it but myself. Pierre was busy at the sideboard, and, stooping, I lifted and returned it to her. She received it with the exclamation:

"Ciel! How careless I am grown! I thought I put it by after mass."

"Madame is a Catholic, one sees."

The words slipped from me involuntarily, her answer seemed to do the same.

"Oh, yes; in truth I am, and so is—"

A heavy silver fork clanged down into Mr. Noel's plate, and Madame started at the clatter, leaving her sentence unfinished.

"Pardon, cousin; if you are forgetful, I am awkward. You were about to say, 'and so is Pierre.'"

Noel spoke quite naturally, but I suspect Madame caught some warning from his tone, for the color mounted to her forehead as she eagerly asserted:

"Surely, yes. Whom else could I mean? Not you, my too Protestant and English Bernard."

Poor lady, she overdid the matter sadly, and that anxious emphasis upon the words "Protestant" and "English" convinced me that Noel was neither, though but for this I never should have suspected it. As if anxious to banish it from my mind, he led the way to the drawing-room, and, as all Madame's spirits had departed, exerted himself to entertain us both. In conversation I found him witty, earnest and frank, but in the midst of an animated description of foreign life he checked himself, and going to the grand piano gave us fragments from the sacred music of the great masters, with an ease and brilliancy that captivated me. I was heartily enjoying this treat when, as if doomed to make scenes, Madame suddenly gave a loud cry and darted out upon the lawn, exclaiming:

"He has come! Mon père! Mon père!"

For an instant Noel stared aghast, then sprang after her, looking as wild as she. I followed to the terrace, and, standing there, heard, through the stillness of the twilight, Madame sobbing and her cousin chiding. He spoke Italian, but low and rapid as were his words, I caught them brokenly.

"I cannot trust you—you have no control of face, voice, mind or manner. You knew it was impossible—he cannot come for weeks yet—I will have no more of this."

"Forgive me. It is this life which destroys my

nerves; it is unnatural. I cannot bear it. Let it end for me," sobbed Madame.

"It shall," almost sternly answered he. "Rest content, I will ask no more of you; it is selfish, unwise. I can bear and do alone; you have suffered enough."

"It is not that; it is the suspense, the deceit, the danger that dismays me. I can act no part. Send me away for a little; you will be freer, happier, safer, without me, as you know."

"I shall, and so will you. To-morrow St. Michael will receive you, and a few weeks will end all. Now compose yourself, go to your room, and leave me to explain your flight to Clyde."

I slipped round to the hall door and met him there with, I flatter myself, well-acted concern. Madame passed me with a murmured:

"Monsieur, I have known loss, it haunts me; forgive the malady of a broken heart."

Noel gave her into the charge of a grave, elderly woman, whom I now saw for the first time, and who came hurrying up with Pierre. As she departed the old servant hastily explained that it was he who had peeped and startled Madame.

"Then Madame is not wholly blind?" I asked, quickly, for there he paused and looked confused. Noel answered, tranquilly:

"It is only a partial loss. You may go, Pierre; you are forgiven. But let us have no more of this, for Madame's sake."

The old man gladly withdrew and his master added, as I bade him good night:

"My cousin needs change. I shall take her to town to-morrow. We have friends there, and her state demands better care than I can give her. We shall leave early, but I will prepare matters for you, as I shall not return till late."

A long sigh of relief broke from him as he turned away, and on my soul I pitied him; for it is my belief that Madame is not only a little mad, but some refugee whom he is befriending, and who, in spite of gratitude, finds it hard to lead a life of concealment under the same roof with some fair, frail lover of this fascinating boy.

#### GEN. BANKS AND STAFF.

WITH the present interest attending the movements of Gen. Banks, our readers will view with pleasure the group of the General and his staff, from a strikingly good photograph of Jacobs, of New Orleans. Of Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, the General commanding the department of the Gulf little need be said. The bobbin-boy who steadily rose by his own efforts to the highest rank in Congress, who, as a General, has displayed many high qualities and deserved success, is too well known to need a sketch here.

Brig.-Gen. Charles P. Stone, his Chief of Staff, is an old army officer, a native of Massachusetts, who entered West Point in 1841, and after acting as professor there till 1846 won distinction and promotion at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. He is in the regular service of the 14th Infantry, and till recently was Brigadier-General, having been appointed May 17, 1861, although recently mustered out.

He commanded at Ball's bluff, and was then confined in Fort Lafayette for many weary months, to be at last discharged, untired, unheard and uncompensated.

Brig.-Gen. A. S. Lee, the Chief of Cavalry, led the van in the first of the three days' fights.

Brig.-Gen. Richard Arnold, Banks's Chief of Artillery, was a cadet in 1846, and in 1850 entered the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the 1st artillery, and became a First Lieutenant in 1854. He is now a Captain in the 6th artillery, his commission dating from May 14, 1861.

Lieut.-Col. William Stretch Abert, a son of Col. J. J. Abert, became Second Lieutenant in the 4th artillery, June 18, 1855, and First Lieutenant March, 1857. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was made Captain in the 6th cavalry, and holds the position of Inspector-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Col. E. G. Backwith, the Chief Commissary, was a cadet in 1838, and in 1842 entered the 2d artillery; in 1846 he rose to the grade of First Lieutenant, and became Captain in 1855. He has held the rank of Colonel on the staff since 1862.

Col. Clark was appointed an additional Aide-de-Camp, with the rank of Colonel, Nov. 18, 1861.

Major Guido Norman Lieber, a son we believe of the celebrated professor, is by birth a South Carolinian, but was appointed from New York in May, 1861, First Lieutenant in the 11th Infantry.

Major Richard H. Alexander, the Medical Director, is an experienced army surgeon, whose commission dates back over a decade.

Col. James Grant Wilson is a gentleman of fine education, who previous to the war edited a paper at Chicago. Since it began he has published a volume comprising biographical sketches of the Illinois officers.

The other members of the staff are Major Von Schermann, A. D. C.; Lieut. Charles E. Hargnt, A. A. G.; Col. Horace B. Farnant, A. D. C.; Col. S. B. Holabird, Chief Quartermaster; Capt. J. S. Cronin, A. D. C.; Capt. William B. Roe, Chief Signal Officer; Lieut.-Col. George W. Stipp, Medical Inspector; and Capt. Charles L. Balkley, Chief of Military Telegraph.

All accounts attest the splendid conduct of the staff of Gen. Banks on the field, Col. Wilson and Col. Clark being specially mentioned.

#### PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

It is not an attractive subject, but we give our readers a view of Plymouth, N. C., made by an officer during a stay of more than a year at that post, which has now been, in a manner so disgraceful to our arms, wrested from us.

Plymouth is eight miles south of Roanoke river, and is connected with Albemarle sound by a small inlet called Nae's Head. It had, in other days, a population of about 1,000, and was rapidly increasing in trade.

#### The Loss of the Southfield.

Nothing can be more disheartening than the disasters at Plymouth. The Navy Department had long been aware that the rebels were building a formidable ram on the Roanoke. When at last Plymouth was menaced by an immense force on land and the ram was known to be descending the river, the *Southfield*, an old Erie canal boat, was sent to meet her. A rebel land battery, by sinking her, saved her from being run down by the ram *Albemarle*. The latter came down successfully under the shadow of the bank and ran into the *Southfield*, a taken Island ferryboat, sinking it in ten minutes after her formidable sister-ship was crushed to nought its side.

The *Miami*, Capt. Flusser, lay alongside, and the

commander, who had been actively shelling the rebel ashore, sighted and fired a gun at the *Albemarle*, but it rebounded in fragments from the sloping side, killing Flusser himself.

Capt. Flusser is a loss to the service, for he was an active, energetic officer, and had prepared with his scanty means to do all that he could in the emergency. It was his intention to connect two boats firmly together, by means of chains and spars, and seek the encounter by advancing against the ram, aiming to strike her between both vessels and force her against the shore. At the same time a torpedo was to be so arranged as to cast it into her smoke stack, but owing to circumstances beyond his control, the arrangements were not executed. After his fall several steel pointed shot were fired at the ram, but all failed to pierce her well armored sides.

#### BRIG.-GEN. T. E. RANSOM.

GEN. RANSOM, recently wounded in the battles in the Red river country, was born at Norwich, Vt., Nov. 29, 1834, being a son of the gallant Col. T. B. Ransom, 9th U. S. Infantry, who fell at Chapultepec, and who had, in his military school, trained many to the career of arms.

After completing his education, young Ransom removed to Peru, Ill., in 1851, and began life as an engineer, but gradually became an operator in real estate. When the war broke out he raised a company in Fayette county, where he resided, and on its incorporation into the 11th Illinois was elected Major. The regiment during its three months' service was stationed near Cairo and at Bird's point. When it was reorganized for three years Ransom was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and as the Colonel, the late Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, was generally acting as Brigadier, the command of the regiment devolved on Ransom. On the 23d of August he defeated a rebel force under Major Hunter, at Charleston, Mo., receiving a severe wound in the shoulder. At Fort Donelson he again led his regiment into action and was again wounded. His services had prostrated him, and for a long time he could accompany his men only in an ambulance, but he would not leave them.

He was then made Colonel, and at Pittsburg landing was again in command, and though wounded in the head early in the day, would not retire, and by his gallantry received the highest commendation. Gen. Grant and Gen. McClelland recommended his appointment as Brigadier-General, and he was raised to that rank Nov. 29, 1862. He was Chief of Staff to Gen. McClelland and Inspector-General of the Army of the Tennessee, and next in command of the district of Cairo.

In the siege of Vicksburg he commanded a brigade and led it at Champion's hill and the other preliminary battles, and in the attack made on the rebel works, in May, 1863. After the surrender he was sent to Natchez, in July, where he broke up the supply system of the rebel army.

He has since been engaged in the Red river expedition, and, as we have seen, has for the fourth time come wounded from the field, having been struck down by a Minie ball in the knee while directing the fire of the Chicago battery, on the second day's fight.

#### COL. JOSEPH J. MORRISON, 16TH NEW YORK ARTILLERY.

COL. MORRISON, now at the head of a fine artillery regiment, for which he recruited so successfully as to obtain nearly double the number required, is a native of New York city, born about 1832. On reaching manhood he became connected with the 5th company of the National Guard. Removing to St. Louis, he there was equally active in military matters and raised a militia company. When the President, in 1861, called for volunteers, he raised and drilled a company in St. Louis, but seeing little chance of service there he returned to New York and was chosen Captain of Co. A, 9th New York State Militia, and served with it through Gen. Patterson's campaign. After this he returned to New York and organized a light battery, with which as Captain he joined the 3d New York artillery, and fought under Gen. Burris and Gen. Hooker through the North Carolina campaigns, distinguishing himself at Kingston, Whitehall and Goldsboro. At the latter place his battery was charged upon by three South Carolina regiments, whom he repulsed with a loss of over 700 men. His regiment was next sent to South Carolina, to reinforce Gen. Hunter, and while there Capt. Morrison was selected to return to New York and raise a new artillery regiment. He was commissioned Colonel of the 16th, and is now in command of it at Gloucester point Va. He actually has 1,800 men, but his regiment is to be reduced to 1,100, the rest being assigned to other regiments.

#### THE SPELLING OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

VARIOUS attempts have been made from time to time to reduce the horribly confused orthography of our language to some system and method. Ormin, author of a metrical paraphrase of the New Testament, who lived in the 13th century, wrote a work on a simple but most admirable phonetic system of his own, the principal feature of which is that the consonant after a short vowel is invariably doubled. No writer was noted after Ormin until the middle of the 16th century, when several arose to draw attention to the great and growing evil of a corrupt orthography.

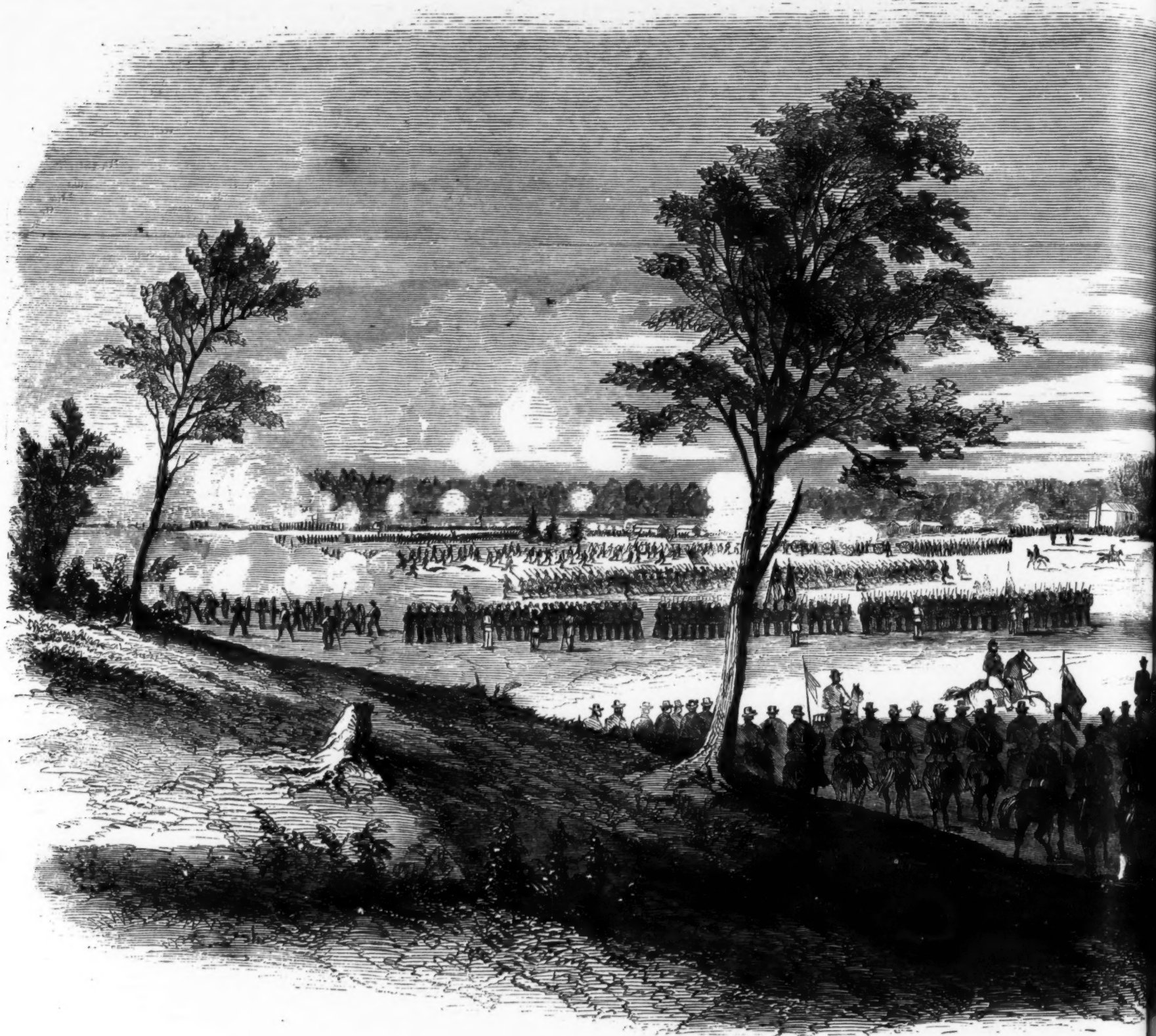
St. John Choke, "who first taught Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek," and Sir Thomas Smith were the two first to attempt a reform; but the latter far outstripped the former in his work *De recta et emendata Lingue Anglica Scriptura Dialogus*, published at Paris, in 1558. In 1580 was published the "Alphabet, or Quadruple Dictionary," of John Baret, which contains many very valuable observations upon the imperfections of our alphabet, &c.; in one part Baret says: "Some sluggish and perchance (which would have all men sleep with him) quiet in all that he saith, because he would not have his idleness repined) will say I am too curious about orthographic, and what need I beat my brains about so fruitless and trifling a matter; other come that wallow in wealth and being in some fit office of writing have filled their barns and bagges with old eographic, say all is well enough, and that it is impossible to mend it, and but folie to go about to make it any better."

The names of John Hart, William Bulcher, Richard Mulcaster, Richard Strachut, Peter Bales, Alexander Home, Alexander Gill, Alexander Ton, Ben Jonson, Rev. Charles B. H. R., Richard Hodgson, Owen Price, Bishop Wilkins, William Bulker, Francis Lotwick, John Byrron, John Jones Thomas C. Umpe, David Scott, James Kibbitt, Benjamin Franklin, Joshua Steele, Joseph Wilson, &c., all the subsequent reformers.

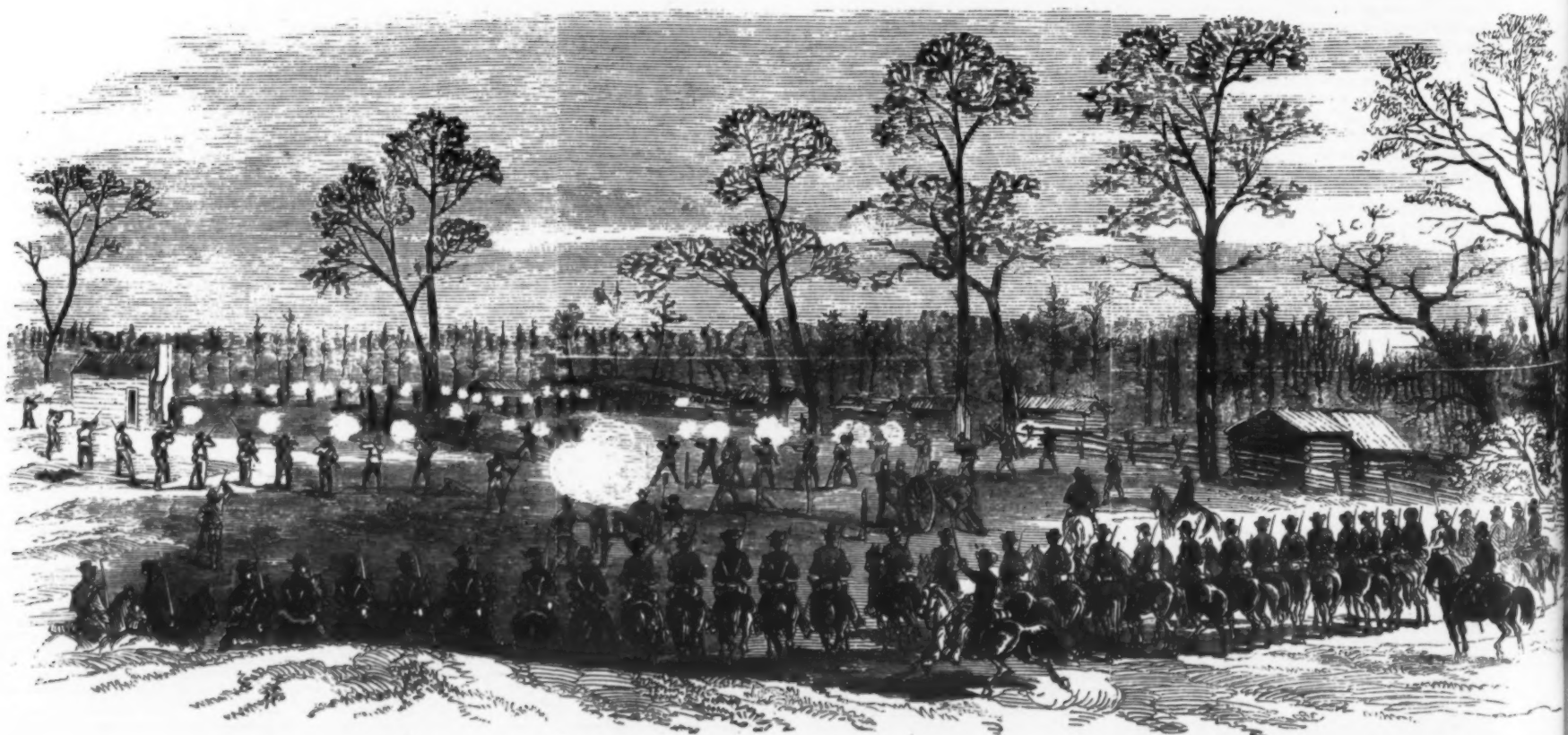
However, all other attempts at change sink into insignificance before the standard of revolt raised by John Pinckerton. Of him Dr. Quincy says: "The monster Pinckerton proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell." He proposed the letter "a" as a plural termination in place of "s," thus "pens" for "pens," "papers" for "papers," the accented "g" for "g" final in all substantives; the "g" for "g" in all adjectives.

When we hear a novice playing the organ, we think the instrument has one stop too few.



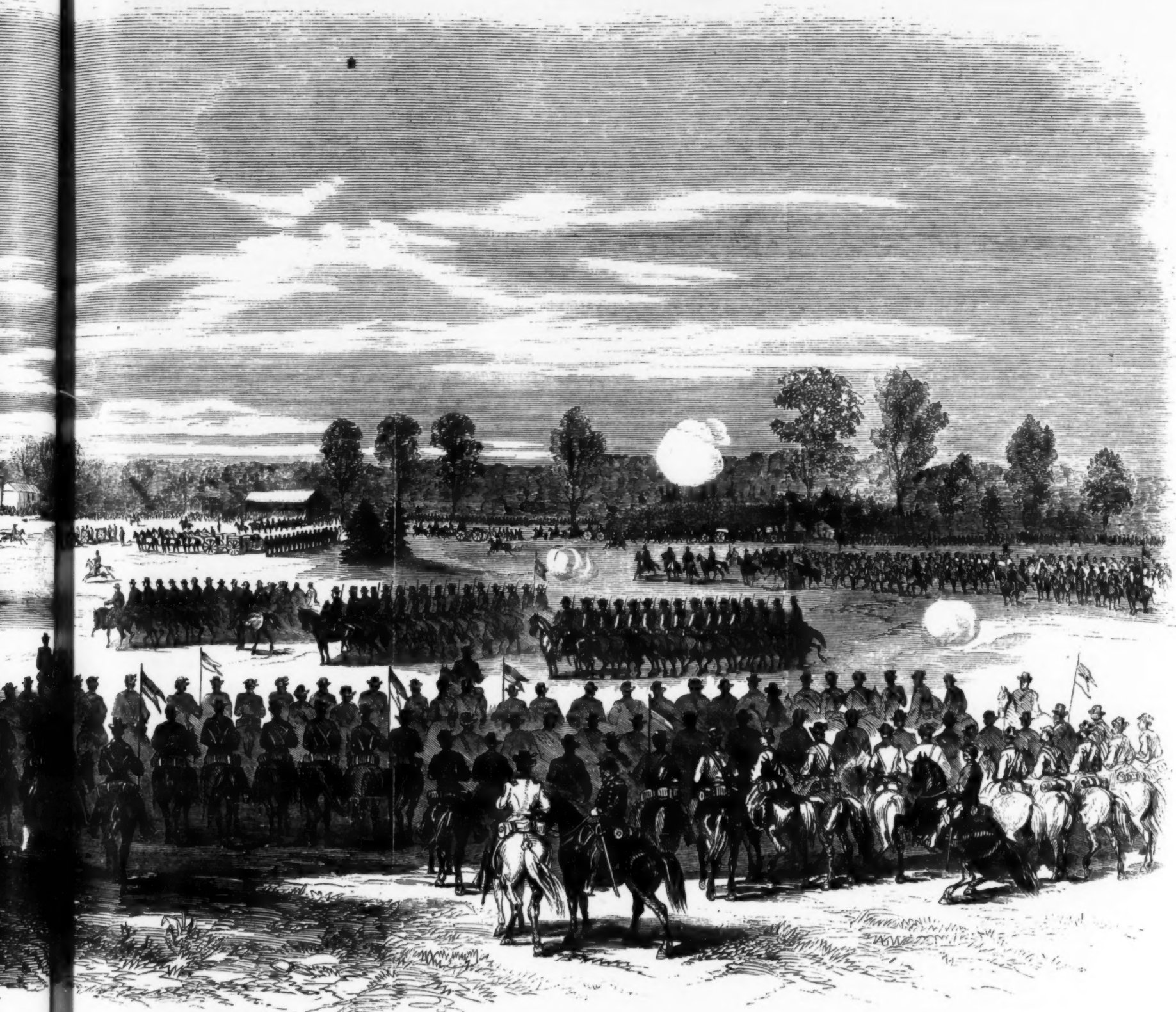


THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL, BETWEEN GENERAL BANKS AND

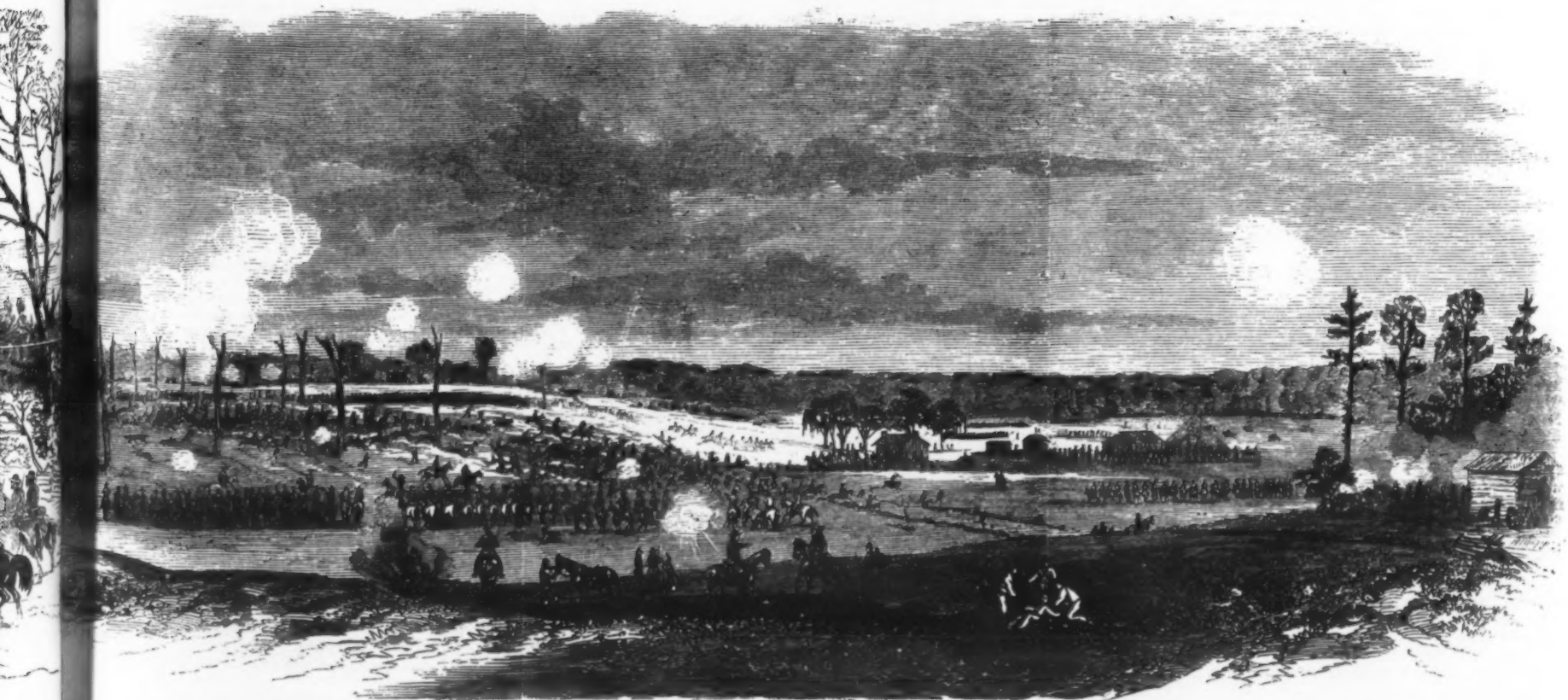


THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF WILSON'S PLANTATION, BETWEEN GEN. LEE AND THE REBEL GEN. GREEN, APRIL 7.—SEE PAGE 114.





GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 9.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 114.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, BETWEEN GEN. BANKS AND GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 8.—SEE PAGE 115.



## AT LAST.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

So I smile proudly, do I? Well, what then?  
Sweet even I have forsaking, since my crown—  
My rightful crown of love—the flower of men  
Has placed upon my brow—a blessing shaken down

From that bright tree which ever bloomed so fair  
(But not for me); content I stood aside,  
Nor thought of hate, that other brows should wear  
Its starry blooms that crowned them wife or  
bride.

For what was I that he should strive to win  
And wear me on his breast? A wayside weed—  
No more; but still a weed unselfish by sin  
Of any worldly thought or selfish deed.

Perhaps that won him; no, it cannot be,  
Nor good nor worth had I; I cannot tell,  
I only know he bent and said to me  
Those precious words my heart knows now so  
well.

Am I not right to smile, the happy queen  
Of one true heart? the dear and chosen one  
Of him I love! What marvel if my mien  
Is proud? my woman's life is just begun.

## The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE day was passing—that long, terrible day in which the moments seemed to lengthen themselves into hours, while with every one the gloom about the old house deepened and pressed more heavily down.

Grandey Mellen was in his library still; it had been a busy day with him; it appeared as if every creature within reach who could invent a plea of business had chosen that time to trouble him.

He was alone at last, and it was well; he was literally incapable of enduring any farther self-restraint.

He rang the bell and gave strict orders to Dolph:

"Let no one else in to-day; I have letters to write; I will not see another human being."

Dolph bowed himself out, and took his way to the lower regions, to communicate to Clo and Victoria the commands his master had given. Those three servants kept themselves aloof from the few others employed for tasks which they considered too menial for the dignity of their position, and these gaping youths and girls were strictly forbidden to enter the apartment in which Clo had installed herself.

They were perfectly well aware, those three sable emissaries, that something was wrong in the house; servants always do know when anything out of the common routine happens, and no pretence can blind their watchful eyes.

"Marster says he won't see nobody more," observed Dolph, as he entered the room where Clo was rolling out her piercest, and Victoria busily occupied in watching her.

"I wonder what's come over 'em all," said Vic. "Der's missus a walkin' up an' down like a crazy woman—"

"An' she didn't eat no breakfast," interrupted Dolph, "an' she never tched a thing yesterday."

"An' Miss Elsie stretched out on de sofa, lookin' as if she'd cried her pretty eyes out," went on Victoria. "Says she's got a headache—go 'long; tell dat to blind folks! It's my 'pinion der's more heartache under dem looks dan anythin' else."

"Dat's jist what I tink," assented Dolph.

Clorinda, from her station at the pastryboard, gave a sniff of doubtful meaning to attract their attention, tossed her head till her frizzed locks shook as if in a high wind, brought her rollingpin down on the board with great energy, and remained silent for the express purpose of being questioned.

"What does yer tink 'bout it, Miss Clorindy?" asked Dolph. "Yer sentiments is allers so conspicuous dat I be glad to have der 'lumination on dis pint."

Vic looked a little spiteful at hearing such eloquence wasted on Clo, but she was so anxious for anybody's opinion that for once she forgot to quarrel.

"I tinks what I tink," said Clo, with another toss of her head and an extra flourish of the rollingpin.

"Oh!" said Dolph, quite discomfited.

"Jis' so," said Clorinda.

"Any pusson could have guessed dat or," put in Victoria, in an irritated way; "yer needn't make sich a mysteriousness jis' saying dat."

"I shall make a mysteriousness or shall luff it alone, jis' as I tink best," retorted Clo, "so yer needn't go a meddlin' wid my dumplin', Miss Vic, 'cause yer'll git yer fingers burnt if yer does."

"Don't wanter meddle wid nothin' that recerms you," cried Vic, jumping at the prospect of a quarrel, since there was nothing to be gained by amicable words. "Full colored tings is generally too high scented for my taste."

"Jis' give me any of yer sars," said Clo, "and I'll mark yer face smash wid dis ere dough, now I tells ye!"

"Don't lay a finger on me, 'cause I won't stand it," shrieked Vic; "yer a cross old catamount, dat's what's de matter."

"Go 'long 'bout yer business," shouted Clo, shaking her rollingpin in a threatening rage. "Dis 'ere's de housekeeper's room, an' yer hain't no business here."

"Much bust' as you, I guess; yer ain't housekeeper as I knows on; yer only potwasher anyhow."

"Missus telled me to use dis room for makin' pies and cakes in till she got anoder housekeeper, an' I be gwine ter."

"I don't keer if she did, dat don't make yer housekeeper any more'n stolen feathers makes a jackdaw an' eagle."

"Now, ladies, ladies!" pleaded Dolph, fearful of the extent to which the tempest might reach if not checked in time. "Don't let us committate dese little seasons of union by savagerousness; don't, I beg."

"Den let dat old catamount leave me alone," sniffed Vic.

"Larn dat gal to keep a civil tongue in her yaller head if yer want peace an' composition," said Clo.

"Dat ar's religion wid a vengeance," cried Vic; "a callin' names is pretty piety, ain't it! I'll jist see what Elder Brown says to dat ar de very next time I sees him."

"Oh, yes!" said Clo, contemptuously; "yer allers glad of a 'casion to gabble to a man! How's a pusson gwine to hab religion when dey's persecuted by sich a born devil; wurs'n dem in de scripture as was druv into de swine."

"Laws!" said Vic, with a vicious sneer, "was yer roun' wid dat drove 'bout dat time?"

"I'll drove yer," cried Clo; "I'll fix yer."

But Dolph interposed again, and luckily Clo's nostrils detected the odor of burning piercest, and she rushed into the kitchen to see if the girl had allowed her pastry to burn.

Dolph took that opportunity to soothe the angry Victoria, and succeeded so well that by the time Clorinda returned she looked quite amiable, only there was a broad wet spot on her cheek, and a corresponding rumple in her curls, which might have excited Clorinda's suspicions had she observed it.

"Now, Miss Clorindy," said Dolph, when she had relieved her feelings of abusing Sally for her carelessness about the pies, and was once more tranquilly occupied with her work; "now, Miss Clorindy, jis' glorify us wid yer 'pinion 'bout de 'fairs ob dis dwellin' which we has all noticed is more mysterious dan is pleasant."

"I ain't gwine to talk, jis' to be snapped up like a beetle by a Shanghai rooster," said Clo; "shan't do it, n' how."

Dolph winked at Victoria, and that artful maiden condescended to attempt to mollify her for a little.

"Now don't be cross, Clo," said she, "it's bad enough to hab confidions above stairs widout us a mussin'."

"Dem's my sentiments," cried Dolph, "and I knows fair Miss Clorinda 'grees wid dem—she coincides, if yer'll 'scuse de little bit o' dictionary." Victoria made a grimace behind Clo's back, but said, graciously:

"I be gwine to give yer dat ar blue handkercher Miss Elsie giv me, Clo," she said, "so now let's make up and be comfable."

"I don't want ter fight," replied Clo, "taint my way—only I knows my persaition and I 'spects to be treated 'ording."

The handkerchief was something Clo had coveted for a long time, and the gift quite restored her good-humor.

"Dat's as it order be," said Dolph. "Peace and harmony once more prevail, and we's here like—like—de Happy Family at Barnum's Museum," he added, finding a comparison at length, and quite unconscious of its singular appropriateness.

"I be gwine to mend dis tablecloth," said Vic, "and I'll set here to do it—when I go upstairs I'll git yer the handkercher, Clo."

"Oh! laws," said Clo, "yer want it yersef—don't be a givin' away yer truck."

"I'd rather yer had it," observed Vic, "blue's allers becoming to yer, ain't it, Mr. Dolph?"

She made another grimace, unseen by Clorinda which nearly sent Dolph into fits, but he restrained his merriment, and answered with the gravity of a judge:

"Miss Clorindy overcomes whatever she puts on, but since yer wishes my honest 'pinion, I must say I tink blue's about de proper touch fur her."

Clo grew quite radiant with delight, but she worked away resolutely, only saying:

"Victy, dar's a little crumberry tart I jis' tuk out ob de oven—it's on de kitchen table—I 'pect we might as well eat it, 'cause taint big enough to go on de table."

"I'll fetch it," cried Dolph; "to sarve de fair is my privilege."

He darted into the kitchen, bore off the tart from before Sally's envious eyes, and closed the door so that she could not be regaled even with a scent of the delicacy.

"I've jis' done now," said Clo, "so I'll rest a little afore I 'gins dinner. I'll jist taste de tart to see ef it's good—it kinder eases my mind like."

"In course it does," said Dolph, and he cut the tart into four pieces, having an idea that the last slice would revert to him in the end.

They ate the pie and talked amicably over it, while in the end Dolph received the extra piece by earnestly pressing it on his companions, who in turn insisted upon his eating it himself.

"Mebby Sally'd like a taste," he said, virtuously. "Sally, 'deed!" cried Clo. "It's nuff for her ter see such tings widout eatin' 'em—a lazy, good-fur-nothin' piece."

"Den ter 'blige yer I'll dispose of it," said Dolph, and he did so in just three mouthfuls.

"If yer wants my 'pinion 'bout what's gwine on," said Clo, suddenly, as she rose to pile up the dishes she had been using preparatory to making poor Sally wash them in the kitchen; "it's jis' dis yer! Dis trouble's all missus!"

"Missus!" repeated Vic.

"Now what does yer mean?" cried Dolph.

Clo nodded her head up and down several times with great gravity and precision.

"Yes, missus," she repeated, with the firmness of a person who meant what she said, and was fully prepared to defend her opinion.

"What's come over her?" asked Vic.

"Dat's jis' it," returned Clo; "now you've hit

it prezak—yer might talk a week, Victy, and not cum into de pint agin."

Victoria looked at Dolph, and he looked at her, but, however convincing her words might have seemed to Clorinda, there was nothing to throw any light upon their minds.

"Yer's repeatin' wid yer usual knowledge," said Dolph, softly, "but can't yer sperficate a little more clear?"

"Mr. Dolph," said Clorinda, rolling up her eyes 'till only the whites were visible, "when I lives in a house de secrets ob dat house is locked in my bussom—"

"But to feller domestics," put in artful Dolph. "Jis' 'mong us," said Vic.

"I know, I feels dat, and so I speak," replied Clo. "I ain't gwine ter say Miss Mellen is a favor-light uv mine, 'cause she ain't—but she's my missus. Her ways isn't my ways, dat's all I says, and I hain't recustomed to bein' brung up so sharp roun' de corners as is her way to do."

"Taint ter be 'spected," said Dolph. "Mebby 'tis and mebbey 'tisn't," returned Clorinda; "I only says I ain't recustomed to it, dat's all."

"But what do yer tinks happened to her to put 'em all in sich a to-do?" questioned Victoria.

"I ain't prepared to say exactly," replied Clo, "but I tink she's gwine crossways wid marster and dat lubly angel, Miss Elsie. Dar's a syrup fur ye! She nebber gubs a pusson orders widout even lookin' at 'em—she ain't so high and mighty dat de ground ain't good 'nuff for her to walk on! Not but what missus a mighty fine woman—she steps off like a queen, and I tell yer when she's dressed dar ain't many kin hold a candle ter her, and as fur takin' de shine off, wal, I'd jist like to see anybody do dat."

"It's all true," said Dolph, "as true as preachin'!"

"Mr. Dolph," said Clo, gravely, "don't take dem seriousness so lightome on your lips."

"I won't," said Dolph, humbly, "I begs to 'pologize—yer see in gazin' 'bout de world a gemman 'quires some parts of speech as seems keerless, but dey don't come from de heart."

"I be glad dey don't," observed Clorinda, "bery glad, Mr. Dolph."

"But what do you think missus has done?" demanded Victoria.

Such a straightforward question was rather a puzzle to Clorinda, so she said with a stately air: "Der's questions I couldn't answer even to my most intemacies—don't press it, Victy."

Victoria's big eyes began to roll wildly in their sockets; she was astonished to find that Clo had for some time seen that things were going wrong, when the fact had escaped her own observation, and for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, she felt a sort of respect for her usual foe but temporary ally.

"Does yer tink dey's quarrelin'?" she asked.

"When I hears thunder," said Clo, sententiously, "I allers takes it for granted there's a storm brewin'."

Vic looked more puzzled than ever, and Dolph was not much better off, though he tried to appear full to the brim with wisdom and sagacity.

"Yer 'members the night missus lost her bracelet, Mr. Dolph?" asked Clo.

"I does bery well indeed."

"When missus bemeaned herself to shout out at me as if I'd been a sarpiant," cried Clo, viciously.

"Wal, if ever I see thunder I seed it in marster's face dat ar night!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Victoria, bundling up her work, "if you and Mr. Dolph has got secrets to talk ober, I'd better go 'way."

"Who's a destryin' the harmony now?" shouted Clo. "It's real sinful, Victy, to give way to temper like you does."

"Oh, dat's all fine 'nuff! But I don't wish to stand in nobody's way. I'd better take my work upstairs."

"Set still, set still, Miss Victory," urged Dolph. "Der's no secret. We shall have de uttermost pleasureableness in making you 'quainted wid de pint in question."

Clorinda did not look altogether pleased at his eagerness to explain; she rather liked Victoria to suppose there was a secret between Dolph and herself; it seemed like paying off old scores, and though in a friendly mood, Clorinda was a woman still.

"Splain or not, jis' as yer please," said Vic, tossing her head, viciously, "it's quite 'material to me."

But Dolph gave a voluble account of what his master and mistress had said and done the night the bracelet was lost, and ornamented the conversation beautifully, calling on Clorinda to set him right if he erred, and the points where Clo most loudly expressed her approval as being the exact words spoken were the places where Dolph embroidered most highly.

"Why, dar goes marster now," exclaimed Victoria, suddenly. "He's gwine out to walk."

They all rushed to the window to look, as if there had been something wonderful in the sight, and just then Sally rushed in with a cry:

"The soup's bilin' over, Clo; come—quick!"

The scene broke up in disorder, and Clo was soon engaged in pulling Sally's wool, too common an occurrence to create any surprise in the house.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE confinement of the house became so irksome to Grandey Mellen that he could support it no longer. He could not have talked even to Elsie just then, so he put on his hat and hurried out into the grounds.

Upon one point his mind was fully made up. The clue to the mystery appeared to be in his hands; he would follow it out to the end now—he would know the worst. He had strength enough left to bear another great trouble. He felt that if this woman had wronged him he could sweep her out of

his life, even as he had done that false one in yea's gone by.

That thought drove him nearly mad, it recalled the recollection of that writing. Should it prove the same! If this man had again thrust himself into his life to blacken it with his treachery and his hate! Terrible words died, half uttered on Mellen's lips, his face was fairly convulsed with passion, a loathing and a hatred which this time only blood could wipe out.

Below the house the lawn and gardens led away into a grove, and towards its gloom Mellen mechanically directed his steps under the cold, gray sky. A chill wind was blowing up from the water, but he did not observe it; in the fever which consumed him the air seemed absolutely stifling, and he hurried on, increasing its excess by his rapid movements.

He was in the grove, rushing wildly up and down, with no settled purpose in view, striving only to escape those maddening thoughts which clung to him still.

The wind was shaking the few remaining leaves from the trees and blowing them about in rustling dreariness, the frosts had already touched the grass and ferns, and though the place on a bright day would still have been lovely, it looked bare and melancholy enough under that frowning sky.

"It is like my life," muttered Mellen, looking gloomily; "like my life, with an added blackness coming up beyond."

Then his mood changed; again that fierce passion swept over his face, leaving it dangerous and terrible.

"If that woman has deceived me," he cried aloud, "this time I will have no mercy! She shall taste her degradation to the very dregs; there is no depth of shame through which I will not drag her, though I ruin my own name in doing it! But it can't be! It can't be! It were death to believe it! Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"

Every tender feeling of his nature went out in that last agonising cry. For the first time he realised all that this woman had been to him, how completely she had united herself with his life, and what a terrible blank it would become if he were forced to tear her from his heart.

He tried to check those black thoughts, to invent excuses; he was almost inclined to rush into the house, beg for the truth and promise pardon in advance. Then he called himself a weak fool for the idea, as if any excuse were possible.

"More lies, only more lies!" he said. "I will wait—I have the clue—it will all be made clear soon."

He clenched his hands with a groan that was half anguish, half rage, and hurried more swiftly on.

He came out upon a little eminence, from whence he could look down on the paths leading towards the house, though the dwelling itself was hidden by the thick growth of trees.

He saw some object creeping through the bushes, moving carefully, as if to elude the possibility of observation. He was always keen-sighted enough, but just then the thoughts in his mind made his vision still quicker and more clear.

He looked again—it was a man, running very fast and crouching among the bushes at each sound.

Without pausing for an instant's reflection he darted down the hill—as he approached the figure it disappeared. On into the thicket Mellen rushed—grasped the intruder in a clutch so firm that there was no shaking it off, and dragged him into the light.

"Rascal!" he cried, "what are you doing here? Answer me, or I'll shake you to pieces!"

The man struggled violently, but Mellen was like a giant in his passion, and swung him to and fro as if he had been a child.

"Let me alone!" cried the man. "I ain't a doing no harm!"

"What are you prowling about my house for, then? Do you know that I am master here? I shall take you indoors, and keep you till I can send for a constable. Take care—no resistance, or I'll brain you on the spot."

"I wasn't prowling round," pleaded the man, gasping for breath in Mellen's hard grasp; "I thought these woods was public property."

"Then you shall be taught. But it's a lie! You had some errand here—speak out, or by the Lord I'll kill you!"

"Don't—don't! You're choking me!" groaned the wretch.

"Then speak! What are you doing here—who do you want to see?"

"Just let me go and I'll tell you," pleaded his prisoner. "I can't speak while you're throttling me."

Mellen loosened his grasp on the man's throat, but still held him fast. His hold had been a fearful one—the man was actually breathless—Mellen had almost murdered him in his passion.

"Will you speak now?" he demanded, with a terrible menace in his voice.

The man began to breathe more freely; but, though shaking with fear, he answered sullenly: "I hain't got nothin' to tell; I was going to the village and took a short cut through here."

Mellen caught him again by the throat.

"Tell me another lie," he hissed, "and I'll choke the breath out of your body."

The man could both see and feel that he was in horrible earnest; he might easily have supposed himself in the power of an insane man—and for the moment Mellen was little better.

"Let me go, I say—let me go!" cried the man, struggling more vigorously; but Mellen only clung to him more tightly, and down upon the ground they fell in that struggle.

Mellen had his knee on the fellow's breast and called out:

"Now, will you speak?"

"Yes, falter'd the man, as well as he was able. "Just let me up—I'll tell you."



Mellen rose, and pulled him violently on his feet; as he did so he perceived a note lying on the ground which had fallen from the man's pocket during their struggle. He loosed his hold of the fellow, and stooped for the letter; the man took advantage of his freedom, darted away like an arrow, and was out of sight before Mellen could recover himself.

"No matter," he muttered, "he'll think twice before he comes again—I have the letter."

The envelope bore no address—it was sealed, but he tore it open without a moment's hesitation. Even as he unfolded the sheet his hand faltered—in the very height of his rage he could not think of the woe its contents might bring to his heart without a sharp pang.

He opened the epistle and glanced at the writing—it was the same peculiar hand he had seen at the pawnbroker's.

"It is his," he exclaimed. "Oh, this time I shall have revenge."

He read the letter—read it slowly through, though every word seemed to burn and sear his very eyeballs—standing there motionless, unable, at first, to take in the full extent of his crushing anguish.

These were the contents of the letter:

"I expected you to-day—you were wrong not to come. I know it is difficult for you to elude the vigilance of your Cerberus, but this matter will admit of no delay. I have information that the stocks are disposed of—look sharp that the broker is not playing a double game."

"The letters are ready—bring the money, and I pass out of your life for ever—since you will have it so. Let it rest there. If I am hated by those I love, be it so; hate does not kill, and love cannot be expected to last for ever, with men or women. I must have the money. I can submit to no further delay. If I do not hear from you to-morrow I shall come to the house in the night—so be prepared."

There was no signature—it needed none. Mellen knew only too well who the writer was, knew it as thoroughly as he did the name of the woman for whom it was intended.

For a full half hour Grantley Mellen was a madman; it was a mercy that, during his paroxysm, he did not rush into the house and murder the woman who had so wronged him. The fever and the insanity passed at length; he lay upon the ground, staring up at the cold sky, the letter still clutched in one hand, the other dug deeply into the earth, in a wild conflict of passion that shook him to the soul. He raised himself and looked about; it seemed as if he had been suffering in a mad dream—he glanced down at the letter—that brought conviction back.

He sat there for a long time revolving vague plans in his mind, and deciding upon the course he would pursue.

"Meet craft with craft," he muttered; "so I will."

He read the letter again.

"If he does not hear from her he will come to-morrow night—he will get no message—let him come!"

There was a horrible emphasis in his voice which none could have mistaken. He rose from the ground, arranged his dress, and walked towards the house.

"Not a sign, not a word which can betray," he said aloud. "I will meet her with a duplicity equal to her own—wait—a little longer—only a little longer."

He walked towards the house, and again Victoria called out to her companions:

"Here comes marster as fast as fast can be."

But Clorinda's thoughts were now centred upon her dinner, and she had no time even for gossip.

"Get away from dat window and go 'bout yer work," cried the dark spinster, austere; "what hev yer got to do wid de marster's outgoins or incomins? Beat dese eggs into a foam rite off, for I'm in a hurry. Mr. 'Dolph puts one back so."

Victoria cast one more glance through the window, for the wild agony on her master's face rather alarmed her. But Clorinda called out in a voice so shrill that it was not to be disregarded, and she was constrained to undertake the task assigned her without more delay.

**THE OPERA IN 1680.**—An idea of the splendor of ancient operas may be conceived from the *mise en scene* of "Berenice," first brought out on the stage at Padua in 1680. It had three choruses. The first consisted of 100 girls, the second of 100 soldiers, the third of 100 knights on horseback. In the triumphal cortege were 40 hussars with horns, 60 trumpeters on foot, six tambours, together with 24 other musicians, a great number of flagbearers, pages, huntsmen, grooms, etc.; two lions with Turkish and two elephants with Moorish grooms. Berenice's triumphal car was drawn by six white horses; six other carriages, for generals, were drawn by four horses each; six others, for the booty and the prisoners by twelve. The transformation scenes represented a forest, in which were being hunted bears, deer and boars; an endless plain, with triumphal arches; Berenice's rooms; the royal dining-saloon; a picture gallery; and the royal stables, with 100 living horses. Towards the end a great golden globe appeared from the sky, which opened of itself, and threw out eight other blue globes, upon which sat Virtue, Generosity, Fortitude, Heroic Love, Victory, Courage, Honor, and Immortality, floating in mid-air, and singing a chorus!

**CURRENTS.**—Dried currants of commerce, as they are misnamed, are in reality a grape, and free from stones or pits; they come from the Isthmus of Corinth and several places in the Indian Archipelago. A small Spanish currant is sometimes sold in their stead. It is the island of Zante which furnishes the largest amount of these currants, and their cultivation is materially lessening, as the jealousy of the Ottomans does not allow large vessels to enter the Gulf for their purchase. These currants grow on vines like grapes, the leaves are somewhat the same figure and the grapes similar; they are gathered in August and dried on the ground; when heaped they are trodden down closely with the feet. Zante island produces enough to load five or six large vessels; Cephalonia, three or four; and other islands, one.

We have heard much of the power of a woman's eye, but the eyelids are still more powerful; they can wink down a reputation.

## THE OLD BEGGAR.

BY HENRY TREVOR.

There was an old and crippled man  
Who sat a begging, where  
It was my wont each morn to pass  
In weather foul or fair.  
He seemed so steeped in woe and want,  
I thought, as I passed by,  
That it would be a happy thing  
For such a man to die!  
For in the scorching sun or rain,  
When wintry blasts are keen,  
In scanty garb and tattered boots  
This wretched man was seen.  
So that whenever I passed the spot  
And saw this beggar nigh,  
I only said, "A happy thing  
For such a man to die!"

It was upon the Sabbath morn  
When church bells cheerily ring,  
To summon all, both old and young,  
To praise our Heavenly King,  
That as with contrite steps and sad  
To prayer I slowly trod,  
This poor old man was also bent  
Churchward to praise his God.  
But what a change! his face was bright  
And he was cleaner dressed;  
His step had thankful life in it—  
His spirit seemed at rest.  
And 'twas my chance that morn to sit  
Near to him in the aisle;  
And now and then I saw his face,  
And caught his kindling smile.  
His voice was full of thankfulness,  
Praise came with every breath,  
And in his look I saw the hope  
That triumphs over death.  
And thus rebuked, with wiser thought  
I said, half audibly,  
"Great Father! what a happy thing  
For such a man to die!"

## The Fate of Duke Alberto.

SOME two centuries ago there lived in Milan, in Italy, a certain Duke Alberto. His palace was in the city, almost within the shadow of the far-famed cathedral, while his enormous possessions covered leagues of land in every direction. In person he was remarkably handsome, a giant in strength; in mind he was cunning, shrewd, sufficiently well educated for his social position; in morals he was unscrupulous, wicked and revengeful. He had immured his wife in one of his country castles, in order to have her out of the way of his daring and licentious pleasures. In fact, it was rumored throughout the city that he had murdered her; but, owing to his wealth and power, the authorities never instituted an investigation. His days and nights were passed in revelling with lewd women and parasite courtiers. His amours seemed to be the turning point of his existence, the whole end and aim of his ambition.

Such, in brief, was the character of the duke. With his tenants he was careless and liberal, caring but little about the amount of his income, provided it was sufficient to enable him to support and gratify his three great passions of wine, women and play. His principal associate and companion was one Guido Tomaselli, a libertine and spendthrift of the first water. Whenever the duke proposed an adventure, Tomaselli was ever ready to assist and co-operate with him. If a lady was to be abducted, a nunnery broken into, or a castle sacked, he was ever willing to obey the behests of his master. In age he was about fifty years, while the duke scarcely numbered thirty. He was wealthy and powerful, and was even more dreaded than Alberto. The gray hairs that plentifully sprinkled his hair and beard brought with them no wisdom—his long experience brought with it no discretion. Perhaps it was to his fatal influence that the duke ascended the ladder of crime and wickedness. He had been married, but his wife had long been dead, and from the moment of her death he abandoned himself to the world, the flesh and the devil.

Such are the two principal personages with whom we have to deal in the following narrative. A more charming pair of Don Juans cannot be found in all history.

Returning home late one night they had to pass the cathedral. It was lighted, and from its vast depths poured forth the musical volumes of a requiem mass.

"By my soul, Guido," said the duke, "this is strange! What noble lord or lady has departed this life and now invokes the aid of the church in behalf of the repose of his or her soul? *Corpo di bacco!* Let us enter. We may, perchance, light upon some fair vestal offering up her vows for the defunct, and in such case the hour and circumstances are propitious for another journey to my walled chateau at Aventino."

The pliant Tomaselli assented, and they entered the cathedral. The church was draped in black, the priests were livid beneath the yellow light of the sacred candles, and the organ filled every aisle and nave with its melodious notes. High up near the altar was a splendid catafalque, richly draped with heavy black. A few mourners knelt beside it, while here and there throughout the vast building, and dimly visible in the semi-darkness, were a few of the devout and faithful. The duke and Guido, awestruck at the scene, pressed forward towards the altar, when the former, in a whisper, inquired of a verger in attendance as to the name of the deceased in whose behalf these solemn rites were administered. In a ghostly voice, and with a pallid face and demoniac expression, he was answered:

"'Tis for the soul of the wicked Duke Alberto, of Milan."

With an expression of horror the duke gazed upon the catafalque, and there, reposing upon it, with all the gilded trappings of princely rank, he beheld himself. With a cry of dismay he sank senseless upon the pavement. Guido raised him and guided him to the outer air—both consciousness-stricken at the terrible ceremonial in which they had been participants. When they regained their senses they found themselves seated upon the stone steps of the entrance, and the gray dawn beginning to develop itself in the far East.

Both agreed in the same story, although the cathedral was closed, its lights had fled, and its organ was silent. How and when the spectral procession had passed out without their notice seemed past their comprehension. Moodily and gloomily they entered the ducal palace.

Alberto looked narrowly at his companion, who was dejected and stupefied.

"Wine, my dear fellow, will dispel these illusions of the brain," exclaimed he, as he filled a pair of goblets to the brim with the ruddy liquor. They quaffed and quaffed until the morning sun entered the apartment with its golden effulgence. "And now to bed for a few hours, and to-night, my good Guido, with your assistance, I shall clasp in these arms the beautiful Donna Isabella, the fairest and loveliest flower in all Italy. She will return from vespers shortly after dark, and generally unattended. You shall disguise yourself as a coachman, and drive me to the corner opposite the great square, around which she must necessarily pass in order to reach her residence."

Guido Tomaselli shuddered.

"Don't say that you decline to participate in the enterprise," said the duke. "It is full of love and danger, two conditions that give a spice to every adventure of the heart. Besides, remember that I acted as your coachman in your last little affair, besides acting as your second in your duel with the lady's brother."

"It is true, Alberto," said Guido, "but would to God these adventures as you call them were abandoned. My nerves have not yet recovered from that horrible dream of last night. However, more wine and then let us to bed."

Darkness was just beginning to cover the city with its sable pall on that quiet, holy Sabbath evening when a carriage hastily emerged from the ducal palace, and took the direction indicated by Alberto. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when a female figure dressed in black was seen slowly wending her way from the cathedral. The duke stepped quickly upon the pavement, seized her as she passed, and the horses bounded on a full gallop in the direction of Aventino. The Donna Isabella was a captive, and Tomaselli was the coachman.

As soon as Guido reached the castle with the duke and lady, he immediately returned to the city, delivered the carriage to an attendant in waiting, and forthwith proceeded in the direction of the residence of his only daughter, Lucia, a young and lovely girl of scarcely seventeen summers. The existence of this child he had always kept a profound secret for two reasons. One was that he feared the duke and his rapacious desires, and the other was his sense of duty in preserving her from the contamination of the outer world, among whose wicked ones he modestly acknowledged himself chief. In her society he passed many pure and happy hours, gazing with parental pride upon the golden innocence that Providence had entrusted to his keeping.

Bold and bad as this man was, he nevertheless had a corner in his heart unspotted by crime, but that corner was alone reserved for his child. All others he grasped in his net as the fowler does his prey. As he passed beneath the shadow of the great cathedral, he fancied he heard again the solemn notes of its mighty organ pealing forth a requiem mass. This time he seemed to see his own corpse lying in state upon a costly bier. Shuddering at the figures that his imagination had conjured up, he entered the dwelling of his daughter.

But no lithesome step was heard coming to meet him, no merry voice uttering a silvery welcome as of yore. A dread misgiving overcame him, and he sank upon the pavement at the base of the stairs leading to his child's apartments. Again did the organ waft its spectral music across the square. Phantoms, livid and deathly, jeeringly pointed their skeleton fingers and glared from their cavernous eyes at the wretch as he lay prostrate. They thundered in his ears:

"Thou art the man! Await thy doom, for vengeance is sure, saith the Lord."

In this condition he was found by one of his daughter's servants, who gave the alarm and procured the necessary assistance to remove him to his couch. Bewildered and crazed, he groaned in spirit, and it was some time before he could be made to understand that Lucia had not returned from vespers, and that already her attendants had scoured the city, in different directions, hoping to obtain some clue to her whereabouts, but all had returned without success.

"It is no use," he exclaimed, "I know where she is, and miserable man that I am, I am her destroyer."

In his then condition he was obliged to keep his bed for the following day, for his mind was in a state of frenzy, bordering on absolute madness. Towards evening he recovered himself somewhat and ordered a coach and horses to bear him to the castle of Aventino. We will now return to the duke and the poor girl whom he had abducted and imprisoned.

He had long watched her, knowing only that her name was said to be Isabella, hoping for some favorable opportunity of seizing her and bearing her to his fastness in the mountains, where he could defy an army in case of siege or assault. Nor did he dream for a moment that she was the daughter of his friend Guido. Had he known that fact it might have stayed his impious hand, but as it was the deed was done. After thrusting her into his carriage, he threatened her with instant death if

she cried out or made the least resistance. Overcome by fright and terror she fainted away, and it was in this state of insensibility that she at length reached Alberto's castle. When she recovered she found herself in a gorgeous apartment, with a young and handsome cavalier gazing at her with looks of passion and admiration.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "where am I? Noble sir, release me, and heaven will smile upon you. I ask this boon on bended knees."

"Heaven, it appears, has smiled upon me this very night, fair lady," said the duke, "in vouchsafing to my tender care and custody so young and beautiful a flower as yourself. Believe me that I love—aye, have longed loved you—and that I shall devote the balance of my life in endeavoring to make you happy."

Her great grief at length gave way to a flood of tears, when Alberto perceiving her condition left her, promising to return as soon as time had assuaged her sorrow. She found herself in a man's apartment. From the window she could perceive that the castle was situated upon the top of a lofty mountain, and only accessible by a bridge pathway. The winds swept through the dark forest with a melancholy sound, bearing to her ears the presaging notes of death—for to die she was determined, rather than be dishonored by a villain. She examined the room and found in one of the closets attached thereto a stiletto. This she concealed in her bosom, with a feeling of security such as the fierce pride of an Italian nature only can bestow. Late in the afternoon Alberto again made her a visit, but finding her obstinate, he again left, promising to see her on the following morning. He trusted that time and patience would work a change in her obduracy.

She had now had ample time for reflection as to the best mode of escape. The bolts and bars she could not overcome, and she was ignorant of the intricacies of the castle. Still she did not despair. Hope at length pointed out a gleam of light. If she could disguise herself in one of the duke's costumes—of which there were many in the room—she might pass the sentries after nightfall without notice. Once having reached the bridgepath she would be safe. About sunset she hastened to complete her preparations. It was about this hour that an attendant opened the door to bring her an evening repast, and she determined to sacrifice his life if necessary with her dagger, in order to secure her escape. At length steps were heard approaching, the door opened and the attendant entered. She had previously lowered the heavy damask curtains by the windows, so that a quiet gloom or semi-darkness pervaded the apartment.

"My lord duke," said the servant, "I did not expect to see you here. I have brought the evening meal for the lady, according to your instructions."

"'Tis well," said the mock duke. "She is now reposing and must not be disturbed. Remain here until I return."

Saying which Lucy boldly gained the hall. Proceeding through various gloomy corridors, she at length reached one of the ramparts, where she paused a moment to survey the ground. The portcullis was lowered, and several persons attached to the duke were seen passing to and fro. Night was rapidly setting in, and now was the moment or never to carry her plans into execution. She reached the bridge without interruption, and in passing it she hummed a lively air from one of the operas in fashion at that day. And now she is on the bridgepath, and in half an hour more she will be in safety. She had nearly reached the bottom of the hill, when a tall, armed figure sprang out of the bushes and plunged his dagger to her heart. She fell and died without a groan.

"Thus perish," said the figure, "thou wretch and miscreant. Little didst thou know that it was Guido's child thou didst abduct."

Saying this he pulled the body into the forest and proceeded on his way to the castle to enforce, if need be, a return of his daughter.

As he was well known to all of the duke's retainers, he was gladly welcomed by them. To avert suspicion, he carefully asked where Alberto was? Some said he had not long before descended the mountain, while another averred that he had just passed him in the grand hall leading to his apartment. Guido knew well the direction to take, but first stepped upon the ramparts to cool his fevered brow. At this instant, to his great horror and astonishment, he perceived the duke advancing towards him.

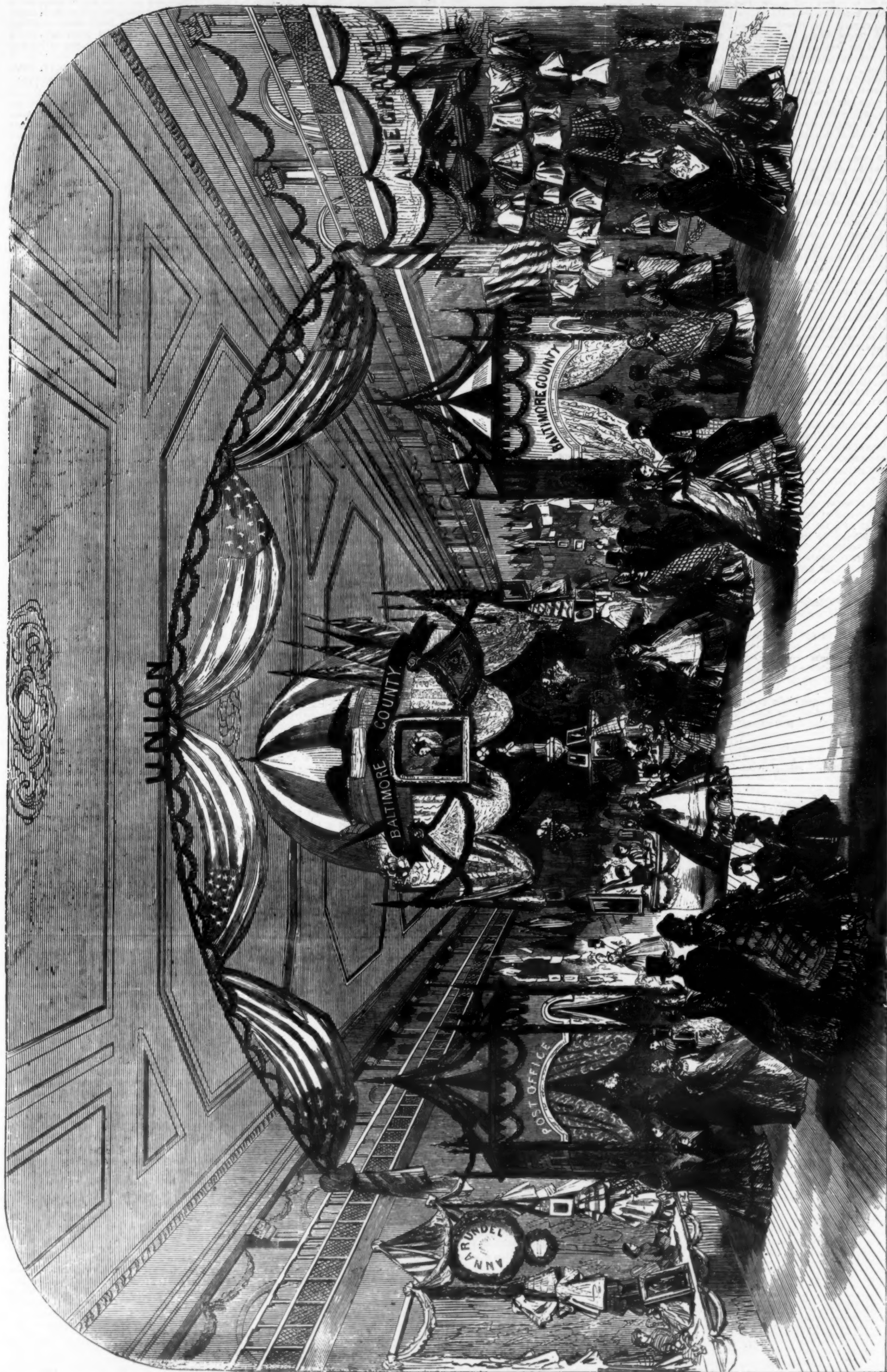
"Ha! Guido, my pretty bird has flown; and that, too, within an hour," said he. "Just think of it; the jade donned one of my costumes and passed my guards without detection. But I will have her yet, for I have out parties to scour the mountain."

"Scoundrel! She is my daughter, and I am, unwittingly, her murderer!" exclaimed Guido. "The issue is now between you and me, and one or both must fall."

So saying he made a furious onslaught upon the duke, who, perceiving that he had to deal with a madman, began to call for assistance, at the same time defending himself with his sword. As this rencontre took place at a remote part of the castle, his cries were not heard. At length Guido closed with him and pressed him to the edge of the parapet, which overhung a depth of nearly five hundred feet. The bottom and sides of this abyss were jagged rocks, on which no one could fall and live. And now the death-struggle waxed furious. The parapet is reached; Guido, with the strength of a giant, presses Alberto over. 'Tis done! With a dull, heavy sound both are plunged into the awful darkness.

An Irishman describes metaphysics as follows: "Two men are talking together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."





THE BALTIMORE SANITARY FAIR AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





BRIG.-GEN. T. M. RANSOM, U. S. V.—SEE PAGE 119.



COL. JOSEPH J. MORRISON, 10TH N. Y. HEAVY ARTILLERY.—SEE PAGE 119.

**THE SANITARY FAIR AT BALTIMORE.**

The great success of the Sanitary Fairs in New York and Brooklyn is stimulating other cities to renewed exertions. We give in the issue of this week

a sketch of the Fair at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, made on the spot by one of our Special Artists. It was inaugurated on the 18th of April by President Lincoln, who went thither, accompanied by Speaker Colfax and Senator Wilson. The contribution of all

kinds are very fine and attractive; and such is the change of feeling in Baltimore that the Fair cannot fail to command great success. As the Sanitary Commission extends its favors to all the suffering of either army, no consideration of politics should keep any one

of charitable feelings away. In connection with this we give a view from Patterson's park on Loudenshlager's hill, which will be readily recognised and admired by those who visit the City of Monuments to attend the great Sanitary Fair.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.—THE REBEL RAM ALBEMARLE SINKING THE SOUTHFIELD AT PLYMOUTH, APRIL 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.



## RECENT BATTLES IN LOUISIANA.

## Battle of Wilson's Plantation.

GEN. BANKS took camp at Natchitoches on the 6th of April. On the following morning at day-break the cavalry again started, and came upon a body of mounted rebels before they had marched two miles. Fighting began at once, and the enemy were rapidly driven before our troops. The running style of fight was kept up for 14 miles until they had got two miles beyond Pleasant Hill.

Here a force of 1,500 rebel cavalry, commanded by Gen. Green, were found strongly posted on Wilson's plantation. The rebels were deployed along the edge of a dense strip of woods, with an open field in front, over which we had to charge in order to reach them. The only Union soldiers that had advanced far enough to take part in the fight, which was inevitable, was the cavalry brigade of Lee's corps, commanded by Col. Haral Robinson. As he had either to attack or be attacked, he decided to take the initiative, and he led his men in with such a dash and vigor that at last the enemy was completely whipped and driven from the field. This engagement lasted two hours and a half, and our losses amount to about 40 killed and wounded, the enemy's being at least as many. Col. Robinson pursued the retreating rebels as far as Bayou du Paul.

## Battle of Mansfield.

On Friday a portion of Gen. Banks's forces was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, four miles from the town of Mansfield. Gen. Lee, with 5,000 cavalry, was cautiously advancing, when the rebels suddenly assailed his front in strong force, after considerable sharp skirmishing was indulged in. Finding the enemy were pressing him heavily, Gen. Lee sent for a brigade of infantry to reinforce him. A brigade of infantry of the best war material—veterans from the 13th army corps—were at once sent forward. The rebels fought vigorously and with desperation for several hours, driving back our troops with great loss, flanking both wings of our army, until a retreat was inevitable, if the enemy continued assaulting our right and front.

Our artillery, consisting of Numa's celebrated Massachusetts battery, six guns, Rawles's 5th Regular battery, 1st Indiana, and Chicago Mercantile Battery, together with two mountain howitzers, barked loud, long and furiously against the invading hosts; but notwithstanding the vast numbers of these savage messengers of death which mowed down the rebel line, the enemy continued to advance boldly, evincing a desperate determination to conquer or perish in the attempt. After the enemy had inflicted a most terrible blow upon the gallant little band who nobly opposed their fearful progress, a retreat was ordered. The retreating force finding the road blocked up by trains got into confusion. A panic ensued, without a precedent since Bull Run. The enemy pushed on in pursuit, capturing 18 guns, all Gen. Lee's war in train, and driving the panic-stricken mass for 10 miles to Pleasant Hill. Here Franklin opened his line of battle, and a lowered them to pass. The 13th and 19th army corps then repulsed the enemy. Gen. Ransom reports the loss at 1,475 killed, wounded and missing.

The guns were not lost, however, without heavy cost to the enemy. The charges of grape swept them down fearfully, and amongst them the rebel Gen. Meunier fell, pierced by four balls.

## Battle of Pleasant Hill.

On Saturday morning all Gen. Banks's forces were at Pleasant hill, and the rebels came on, cavalry in front.

The battlefield of Pleasant hill is a large open field, which had once been cultivated, but is now overgrown with weeds and bushes. The slightly elevated centre of the field, from which the name Pleasant hill is taken, is nothing more than a long mound, hardly worthy the name of hill. A semicircular belt of timber runs around the field on the Shreveport side. Gen. Emory formed his line of battle on the side facing these woods. Gen. McMillan's brigade being posted on the right, Gen. Dwight's on the centre, and Col. Benedict's on the left. Taylor's battery, L, 1st regulars, had four guns in rear of the left wing, on the left of the Shreveport road, and two on the road in rear of Gen. Dwight's line. Hibbard's Vermont battery was on the right.

In the rear of Emory were Gen. Smith's tried troops, formed in two lines of battle, 50 yards apart. The 13th corps was in reserve in the rear, under Gen. Cameron. Gen. Ransom having been wounded the day before, Gen. Smith was Commander-in-Chief of the two lines back of the crest, while Gen. Mower was the immediate commander of the men. The commander of the right brigade in Gen. Smith's first line was Col. Lynch; the left brigade was Col. Shaw's. The second line also consisted of two brigades. Crawford's 3d Indiana battery was posted on the right of the 89th Indiana infantry, and the 9th Indiana battery on the right of the line of battle. The Missouri Iron Brigade, and others whose names and numbers we could not ascertain, were also in this section of the battle.

The skirmishing was kept up with considerable vigor until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels had completed their arrangements for the attack. At about this hour Gen. Emory's skirmish line was driven in on the right by the rebels, who appeared in large force, coming through the timber above mentioned. They soon reached the open ground and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. Our batteries and infantry opened with terrible effect, doing great slaughter with grape and canister, while the enemy's artillery, being in the woods and in bad position, did scarcely any damage.

Col. Benedict's brigade on the left was first engaged, soon followed by Dwight's and McMillan's. The fighting was terrific; old soldiers say it never was surpassed for desperation. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks, the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the 19th corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave them possession of Taylor's battery, and forced our line still further back.

Now came the grand coup de main. The 19th, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly fired off over the hill, and passed through the lines of Gen. Smith. We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by Gen. Emory, what remained being forced back into the second line. But two lines of men came on excellent and sure of victory.

The first passed over the knoll, and all heedless of the long line of cannon and crumpling forms of as brave men as ever trod mother earth, passed on. The second line appeared on the crest, and the death signal was sounded. Words cannot describe the awful effect of this discharge; 7,000 rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that 1,000 men were hurled to eternity or frantically mangled by this one discharge.

No time was given them to recover their good order, but Gen. Smith ordered a charge, and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the 19th joining in. The rebels fought bravely and desperately back to the timber, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, fully 2,000 throwing up their arms. In this charge Taylor's battery was retaken as were also two of the guns of Nim's battery, the Parrott gun taken from us at Corbin's Crow last fall, and one or two others belonging to the rebels, one of which was considerably shattered, and 700 prisoners. A pursuit and decalatory fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle.

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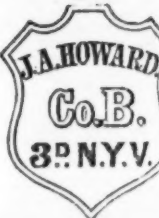
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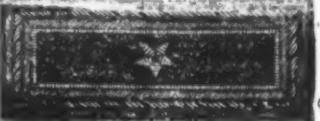
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